



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE HOWE READERS



A THIRD
READER

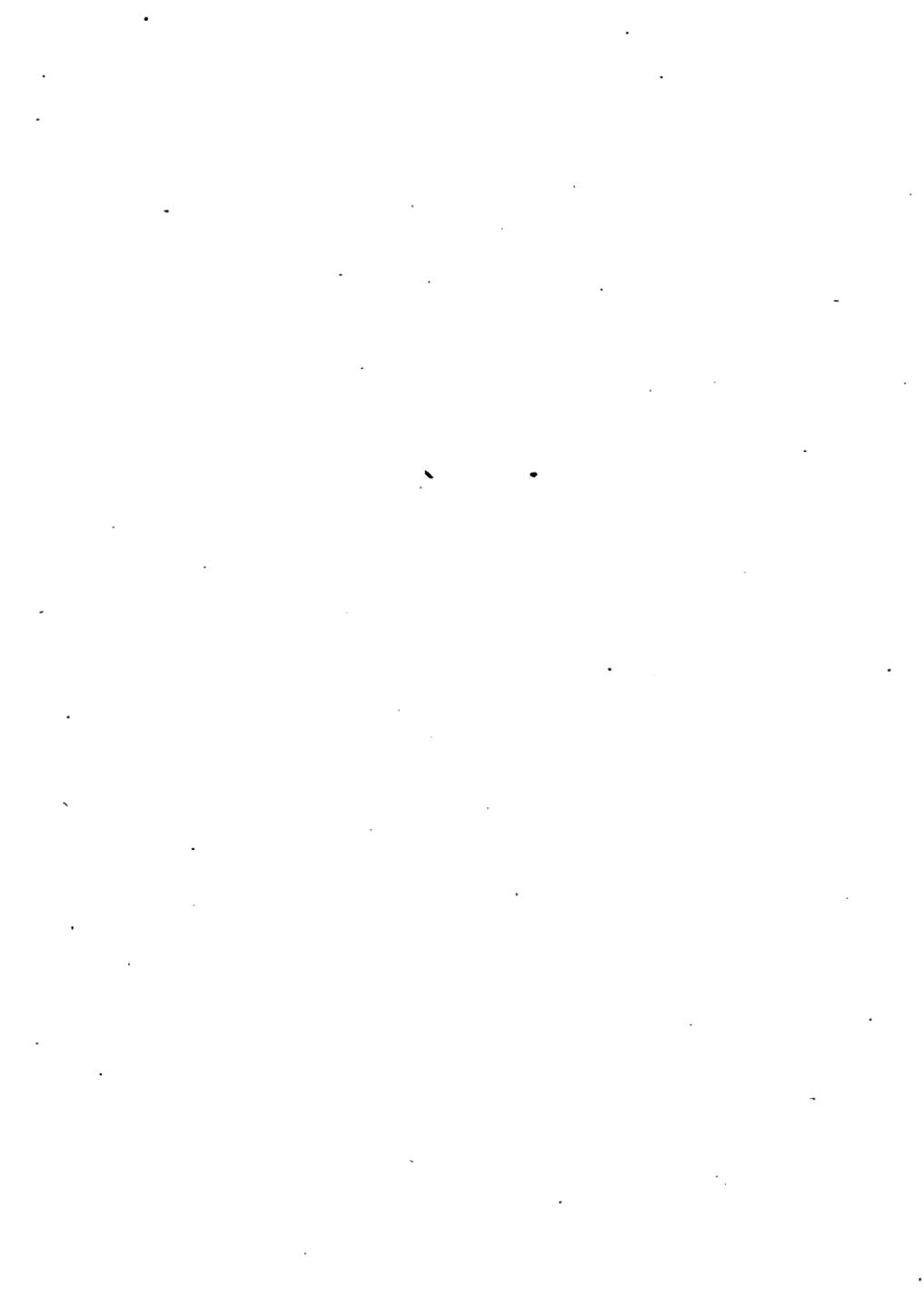
Due T 759.09.462



Harvard College Library
THE GIFT OF
GINN AND COMPANY



3 2044 097 071 849





THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

THE HOWE READERS

A THIRD READER

BY

WILL D. HOWE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN INDIANA UNIVERSITY

MYRON T. PRITCHARD

MASTER, EVERETT SCHOOL, BOSTON

AND

ELIZABETH V. BROWN

DIRECTOR OF PRIMARY INSTRUCTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1909

Edgar T 759.09.462

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
GINN & COMPANY
MARCH 17, 1927

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



PRINTERS AND BINDERS

PREFACE

If children are ever to become good readers they must like reading. They must be introduced as soon as possible to stories and books which they can understand and enjoy.

The Third Reader is distinctly a reading book. By this time the pupil has learned how to read and has begun to reflect and to have wider and more varied interests. He has a curiosity to know something of other countries, to hear folk tales and fairy stories, to read of the lives of heroes and their deeds. He has a love of animals, and is beginning to feel the music and the impulses of good poetry.

The Third Reader attempts to satisfy this curiosity and to direct the boy or girl to those ideals of unselfishness, sympathy, recognition of duty, responsibility, and love of country, which are the foundation of good character.

Thanks are due the publishers for permission to use the following selections: *Work and Sorrow*, from *Four Great Americans*, by James Baldwin, American Book Company; *A New Kind of Dinner*, by Dallas Lore Sharp, The Century Company; *A Story-telling Game*, from *Milly and Olly*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, Doubleday, Page and Company; *The Crickets' School*, from *Among the Meadow People*, by Clara Dillingham Pierson, E. P. Dutton and Company; *An Eskimo Game*, from *Children of the Cold*, by Frederick Schwatka, Educational Publishing Company; *The Story of Fido*, from the *Animal Story*

Book, by Andrew Lang, Longmans, Green and Company; *The Boasting Bamboo*, from *A Japanese Garland*, by Florence Peltier, Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company; *The Arbutus*, from *Flower Stories*, by Leonore E. Mulets, L. C. Page and Company; *The Lad who went to the North Wind*, from *Popular Tales from the Norse*, by George Webbe Dasent, G. P. Putnam's Sons; *The Tongue-cut Sparrow*, from *Japanese Fairy Tales*, *Polly Flinders' Apron*, from *Mother Goose Village*, by Madge A. Bingham, Rand, McNally and Company; *A Cavalcade and High and Low*, by John B. Tabb, Small, Maynard and Company; *When the Dogwood Blooms*, by Alice Lounsberry, *Sir Cleges and the Christmas Cherries*, by F. J. H. Darton, *Miss Billy*, by Josephine D. Peary, Frederick A. Stokes Company; *Irene the Idle*, from *The Owl King and Other Stories*, by H. Escott Inman, Frederick Warne and Company; and to Henry H. Bennett for *The Flag goes By*, Mary H. Krout for *Little Brown Hands*, Minnie T. Varney for *The Christmas Tree* and *Waldemar's Visit*, and Ella Given for *Dunbar's Prize*.

How I discovered the North Pole, by F. S. Church, from *The Outlook Story Book*, and *The Servant of All*, by Annie and E. Keary, from *The Little Wanderlin and Other Tales* are reprinted by permission and special arrangement with The Macmillan Company. The selections from Alice and Phœbe Cary, Mrs. Deland, Harris, Longfellow, Olive Thorne Miller, Frank Dempster Sherman, Trowbridge, and Whittier are reprinted by permission and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Polly Flinders' Apron	1
The Song-Sparrow	6
The Jackal and the Camel	9
The Lamplighter	11
The Bird King's Gifts	13
Dewdrops	20
The Chicken's Mistake	21
A Story-telling Game	23
Leaves at Play	27
Polly's Pranks	28
The Princess and the Pea	32
The Fairies' Shopping	34
A Lasting Friendship	38
The Twenty-third Psalm	44
The Crickets' School	45
Brother Fox's Two Dinners	50
The Wolf and the Kid	56
The Night Wind	57
A Cavalcade	59
Sir Cleges and the Christmas Cherries	60
Miss Billy	68
The Frost	72
The Tongue-cut Sparrow	74
Boats sail on the Rivers	81
The Christmas Tree	82
A Visit from St. Nicholas	89
Snow	93
Santa Claus's Partner	94
Why do Bells for Christmas Ring?	100
An Eskimo Game	101
The Fox in the Well	105
A New Kind of Dinner	108

	PAGE	
How I discovered the North Pole	<i>Frederick S. Church</i>	111
Little Brown Hands	<i>Mary H. Krout</i>	121
Irene the Idle	<i>H. Escott-Inman</i>	123
The Village Blacksmith	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	139
The Lad who went to the North Wind	<i>George Webbe Dasent</i>	142
A Mortifying Mistake	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i>	150
I Live for those who Love Me	<i>G. Linnæus Banks</i>	151
Work and Sorrow	<i>James Baldwin</i>	152
The Flag goes By	<i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i>	157
A Handful of Clay	<i>Henry van Dyke</i>	160
Waldemar's Visit	<i>Minnie T. Varney</i>	165
Three Bugs	<i>Alice Cary</i>	172
High and Low	<i>John B. Tabb</i>	174
Yellow-wing	175
A Fairy Story	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	177
Forget-me-not.	178
Homes of the Pilgrims	179
The Better Way	182
When the Dogwood Blooms	<i>Alice Lounsherry</i>	183
A Boy's Song	<i>James Hogg</i>	186
Just a Little	187
The Boasting Bamboo	<i>Florence Peltier</i>	188
The Arbutus	<i>Leonore Elizabeth Mulets</i>	192
The Bluebird	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i>	196
Only One	<i>George Cooper</i>	197
The Mud-wasp's Home	<i>Stella L. Hook</i>	198
Agreed to Disagree	<i>Sydney Dayre</i>	200
Dunbar's Prize	<i>Ella Given</i>	203
In School-Days	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	208
The Story of Fido	<i>Andrew Lang</i>	211
The Servant of All	<i>Annie and E. Keary</i>	217
Stevenson's Letter	227
Just You and I	230
The Leak in the Dike	<i>Phæbe Cary</i>	231
The Steadfast Tin Soldier	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	237
Farewell to the Farm	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	247

THE HOWE THIRD READER

POLLY FLINDERS' APRON

MADGE A. BINGHAM

Polly Flinders wanted a new white apron with ruffles on it.

She thought it would be very beautiful, and while she was sitting in the doorway thinking about it, she fell asleep.

And while she was asleep, a very old cotton-stalk, with long white hair, walked up the steps and spoke to her.

“Good morning, Polly Flinders,” said Mr. Cotton-stalk, bowing low. “It is very warm; let me fan you with one of my leaf fans. And so you want a new white apron, do you?”

“Yes,” said Polly, opening her eyes very wide. “How did you know?”

“Never mind about that,” said Mr. Cotton-

stalk. "Get a bag and follow me; I will show you a place where white aprons grow."

So Polly got a bag, and away they went, down the path, across the meadows, to a field where ever so much cotton was growing.

"Now," said Mr. Cotton-stalk, "get to work. This is my field, and you may fill your bag full of cotton. When you have finished, pick out all the seeds and bring them to me to be planted for other aprons, you know."

Polly thought that was very queer, but went quietly to work as he had told her.

She picked and picked and picked, until by and by the bag was full. Then she picked out all the seeds,—picked and picked and picked,—and gave them to Mr. Cotton-stalk.

"What now?" asked Polly Flinders, feeling very warm. "This isn't any apron!"

"Not yet, of course," replied Mr. Cotton-stalk. "It is only the beginning of a whole apron. You have been a smart little girl and have worked

bravely. Now you do what I tell you, and the white apron shall be yours."

"Put the bag of cotton on your back and carry it to London Town, where there is a



large factory. Then the factory man will tell you what to do next."

Polly Flinders was very tired, but thanked Mr. Cotton-stalk, and off she went, over the field, across the stile to London Town.

At last she came to the factory, where she put down her bag. Such a hum and buzz of wheels she had never heard before! Round and round they whirled, singing merrily:

Over and over and over we go,
Spinning the cotton, as white as the snow,
Weaving the cloth for aprons, you know,
So over and over and over we go!

“Well,” said Polly Flinders, “how strange! That is just what I want you to do for me.”

So she untied her bag, and the factory man said: “To be sure! Just bring your cotton this way and empty it into the bin. Now wait a minute. It will not be long before these wheels have your cloth ready. Watch!”

Polly Flinders could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw her cotton drawn out into long thread. It grew finer and finer, crossing and recrossing until it was firm, white cloth.

Then with a spinning whir the wheels

stopped, and the factory man said: "Your cloth is finished, Polly Flinders. Take it to your mother and have her make you a new white apron."

"But wait, I'll just blow you back to your village. Puff-f! puff-f! puff-f! and away you go!"

Polly Flinders opened her eyes very wide—and found herself sitting on her own door-step.

Just then her mother called: "Run here, Polly, and see what I have made for you."

And sure enough, there was a new white apron with ruffles on it!

Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,
And low for the daisies and clover;
But as soft as I can for the violet shy,
Yes, softly—and over and over.

— MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE SONG-SPARROW

HENRY VAN DYKE

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear

The season's change, if love is here
With "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat
Of many colors, smart and gay;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.

And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow-brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

I like the tune, I like the words;
 They seem so true, so free from art,
 So friendly, and so full of heart,
 That if but one of all the birds
 Could be my comrade everywhere,
 My little brother of the air,
 This is the one I'd choose, my dear,
 Because he'd bless me, every year,
 With "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

If you're told to do a thing,
 And mean to do it really;
 Never let it go by halves;
 Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
 Waiting, weak, unsteady;
 All obedience worth the name,
 Must be prompt and ready.

— PHÆBE CARY.

THE JACKAL AND THE CAMEL

A jackal and a camel were good friends.

One day when the jackal was hungry, he went to the camel and said, "Cousin Camel, I know where there is a fine field of sugar-cane for you, and where there are some crabs and small fish for me. Let us go and eat."

"All right!" said the camel. "Show me the place."

"It is on the other side of the river," said the little jackal. "I wish I knew how to get across."

"I can swim," said the camel, "so you may ride over on my back."

So the jackal jumped on the camel's back, and they were soon on the other side of the river.

The camel ate very slowly, but the jackal soon ate all the crabs and fish he could find. Then he ran up and down the bank, screaming and shouting.

The noise awoke the people, who ran down to save their sugar-cane. They beat the camel and threw stones at the jackal.

The jackal and the camel ran down to the river. "Jump on my back," said the camel.

When they were halfway over, the camel asked, "Why did you make such a noise and spoil my dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the jackal, "I always sing after dinner, just for fun."

"Well," said the camel, "I always like to stretch myself and roll over, after dinner, just for fun."

Then the camel stretched himself and rolled over in the water, and shook the little jackal off his back.

"Oh, oh!" gasped the jackal, as he swallowed and splashed. "Save me! Save me!"

But the camel only laughed, and the jackal almost died for his selfishness.

But he reached the shore in safety at last.



THE LAMPLIGHTER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left
the sky;

It's time to take the window to see Leerie go-
ing by;

For every night at tea-time and before you
take your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting
up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go
to sea,

And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can
be;

But I, when I am stronger and can choose
what I'm to do,

O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the
door,

And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so
many more;

And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and
with light,

O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him
to-night!

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

THE BIRD KING'S GIFTS

I

Once upon a time, far across the sea, there lived two brothers.

The older brother was very rich. His name was Nahl Bo.

The younger brother was very poor. His name was Hyung Bo.

Nahl Bo lived in a large and beautiful house. He owned many cows, pigs, and dogs. He had many servants and much gold. Still he and his wife were not at all happy.

Hyung Bo had a poor little house. When it rained, the water came through the straw roof. His wife and children had to sleep on the floor.

He had no cows, nor pigs, nor dogs. There was only a tame rat that lived in the house and ate up the crumbs.

Hyung Bo and his wife had to work very hard

to get food for their children. Still they were all very happy.

One day Hyung Bo found that there was no food in the house.

“There is no money, either,” he said sadly to his wife. “I must go to the mountain for wood to sell.” So off he went.

“Mother, we are hungry !” cried the children, after their father had gone. “Even the rat can not find food. He is hungry, too. Give us something to eat.”

“There is no food in the house,” answered the poor mother. “But I will send to your rich uncle to borrow some rice. Son, you go and ask him for some.”

“Mother, he will beat me. He does not like any of us,” answered the boy.

“You must go at once,” said his mother. So the boy went to his uncle’s house.

“Who are you ?” asked Nahl Bo.

“I am your brother’s son,” answered the boy.

“We are poor and hungry. Please lend us some rice.”

“I have nothing for you,” replied the cruel Nahl Bo. “Go home at once.”

So the boy went home without any rice and his mother had to sell her straw shoes to buy food.

But the next day the father came home with wood to sell. Then times were better.

In the spring the swallows came back from the south.

“The roof is so weak it will hardly hold their nests,” said Hyung Bo.

“Oh, let them stay!” cried the children. “We will feed them some crumbs.”

One day a roof-snake came to the nests. He caught several birds. One tried to fly away, but he was caught in the blind. Hyung Bo took him out and found that his legs were broken.

“I will bind them up,” said the kind Hyung Bo. “Keep him warm and feed him, children. He will soon be well.”



In the fall the little bird was well enough to fly south again. He told the bird king of Hyung Bo's kindness.

"Here is a gift for him," said the king. Then he gave the swallow a beautiful little seed.

II

In the spring, the swallow took the seed to Hyung Bo. He planted it and cared for it.

Soon a vine came up. It grew very fast and at last it covered the little house.

Four gourds grew on the vine. In the fall they were large and yellow. Hyung Bo and his wife came to open them.

"They will be good to eat," he said.

"We can make water cups out of them," said his wife. "Then we can sell the cups."

Hyung Bo began to saw the gourds in two.

How surprised they all were at what happened! Out of the four gourds came a beautiful big house, food, rich clothes, gold, and servants.

“They can’t be real,” cried the wife.

“We must be dreaming,” said Hyung Bo.

“We are presents from the bird king,” said one of the servants. “He sent us because you were so kind to the swallow.”

Hyung Bo, who had been so poor, was now very rich.

“Where did my brother get all this money?” asked Nahl Bo. “Did the bird king give it to him? Well, he shall give me some, too.”

Then he began to throw stones at the birds, for he wanted to break their legs. He killed many of them. At last he broke the legs of one.

“I will bind up his legs, keep him warm and feed him,” he said. “Then he will bring me a present, too.”

In the fall, the poor little swallow went south. He told the king how cruel Nahl Bo had been.

“He shall have a present, too,” said the king.

Then he gave the bird a seed to take to the rich man.

Nahl Bo planted his seed and took great care of it.

A large vine grew up. It covered all the house and even broke in the roof. Twelve great gourds grew on it.

“I must set men to watch my gourds,” said Nahl Bo. “What fine things I shall have from all twelve of them.”

At last the gourds were ripe.

“I will have them cut to-day,” Nahl Bo cried. “Then I shall be much richer than I am now.”

But when the gourds were cut he found no gold. Men and women came from the gourds. They danced. They sang. They walked on ropes. They begged. But there was no gold.

Nahl Bo was very angry. “Go away!” he cried.

“We will not go without money,” they said.

It took all he had to pay them.

When all his money was gone, the last gourd was opened.

Out came a wind that blew his house down.

Now all the wealth of the rich Nahl Bo was gone. The swallow king had paid him for being so cruel.

Poor old Nahl Bo and his wife had no home nor money. They had to go to Hyung Bo and ask for help.

Hyung Bo, who had been good to a poor little bird, was, of course, good and kind to his brother.

DEWDROPS

MARY F. BUTTS

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
“A jewel, if you please!”
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE

PHŒBE CARY

A little downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her:
"If ducks can swim there, why can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chickie wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
"Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she had hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child, my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well,
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing.
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going.

A STORY-TELLING GAME

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

“Suppose, children, we have a story-telling game,” said Aunt Emma.

The children got her safe into a chair, and then Olly brought a stool to one side of her and Milly brought a stool to the other.

“Who’s to begin?” said Aunt Emma. “I think mother had better begin.”

“I don’t believe I have a scrap of a story in my head,” said mother. “It’s weeks since I caught one last.”

“Then look here, Olly,” said Aunt Emma, “I’ll tell you what to do. Go up gently behind mother and kiss her three times on the top of the head. That’s the way to send the stories in. Mother will soon begin to feel one in the top of her head after that.”

Mother sat still for a few moments after the kisses, with closed eyes.

“Oh!” she said at last. “Now I think I have caught one. But it’s a very little one, poor little thing. And yet, strange to say, though it’s very little, it is also very old.”

THE STORY MOTHER TOLD

A king once lived in a very hot part of Spain, where they don’t have much rain and where it hardly ever snows or freezes.

This king had a very beautiful wife whom he loved very much. But the queen had one great fault. She was always wishing for the most impossible things.

The king always tried to give her everything she wanted, but she was never satisfied.

At last one day in winter, a very strange thing happened. A shower of snow fell in the town where the king and queen lived. It made the hills white, so that they looked as if some one had been dusting white sugar over them.

Now snow was hardly ever seen in the town, so

the people talked about it a great deal. After the queen had looked at it a little while, she began to cry bitterly.

None of her ladies could comfort her, nor would she tell any one what was the matter. There she sat at her window weeping, till the king came to her. He could not imagine why she was crying, and begged her to tell him.

“I am weeping,” she said, sobbing all the time, “because the hills are not always covered with snow.

“See how pretty they look! And yet, I have never, till now, seen them look like that. If you really loved me, you would find some way or other to make it snow once a year at any rate.”

“But how can I make it snow?” cried the king, in great trouble, because she would go on weeping and weeping, and spoiling her pretty eyes.

“I am sure I don’t know,” said the queen, crossly.

Well, the king thought and thought, and at last he hit upon a beautiful plan.

He sent to all parts of Spain to buy almond trees to plant. The almond tree has a lovely pinky-white blossom, you know.

When the next spring arrived, thousands of these almond trees came into bloom on all the hills around the town. At a distance, the hills looked as if they were covered with white snow.

For once the discontented queen was delighted. She could not help saying a nice "Thank you" to the king, for all the trouble he had taken to please her.

And suddenly it seemed to the king as if a black speck in the queen's heart had been washed away, and so they lived happy ever afterwards.

LEAVES AT PLAY

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Scamper, little leaves, about
In the autumn sun;
I can hear the old Wind shout,
Laughing as you run,
And I haven't any doubt
That he likes the fun.

When you've run a month or so,
Very tired you'll get;
But the same old Wind, I know,
Will be laughing yet
When he tucks you in your snow-
Downy coverlet.

So run on and have your play,
Romp with all your might;
Dance across the autumn day,
While the sun is bright.

Soon you'll hear the old Wind say,
“ Little leaves, Good-night!”

POLLY'S PRANKS

OLIVE THORNE MILLER

Polly was a snowy white cockatoo, with beautiful yellow crest. The one object of her life, when I first knew her, was to get out of her cage.

She might have stayed out all the time, but for one or two notions she had. One was a dislike of beads, and another was a strong liking for buttons.

She would bite the beads off a lady's dress much faster than they had been sewed on, and fling them away with a jerk that sprinkled the carpet like a shower of glass. If a lady happened to wear a bit of bead trimming, Polly waddled across the floor and went to work on it.

With buttons it was otherwise. She seemed to delight in them. She snapped off the but-

tons with her beak, but she did not throw them away; she chewed them up. If no one happened to notice her, the naughty bird would snatch every button from her mistress's dress or her master's coat more quickly than a person could do it with a knife.

These and other pranks condemned Madam Polly to a cage, and to get out of that gilded prison was her business in life.

First she would coax; she would say, "Poor Polly," to call attention to her wishes. If any one looked at her, she began to bow many times as fast as she could. Then if her door were not opened, for all her coaxing, she would try to open it.

She was very clever, and her beak and claws — hands, they deserve to be called — were as useful as many people's fingers. She would work with patience at any fastening, cutting string or small wire, till she got the door open. The only thing she could not master was a

padlock with the key removed. She could turn the key, if it were left in.

One day, by some carelessness, the padlock on her door was not fastened, and Polly had the



sitting-room to herself for an hour. On the return of her mistress, she was met at the door by bows and cries of "Poor Polly," and everything the bird could say, in the most coaxing manner.

Her mistress knew at once that mischief had been done, and one glance was enough. Polly had enjoyed a fine frolic with her work-basket. Such a wreck is not often seen. Needles from papers and pins from their box strewed the carpet; pearl buttons that she had snipped to bits, lay thick as snowflakes over the floor; spools had been nibbled, and their silk and thread cut into short lengths and scattered about; a gold thimble dented in her efforts to bite it; and the work-basket itself pulled apart and broken.

It looked as if a cyclone had struck that work-basket, and Polly was almost too happy to stay inside her feathers; but it was her last prank in the sitting-room. Her padlocks were never again forgotten.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

There was once a prince who wanted to marry a princess; but she must be a real princess. So he travelled about, all through the world, to find her.

There were princesses enough, but he was never quite sure that they were real princesses; there was always something that did not seem just right. So he came home again and was very sad, for he wished so much to have a real princess.

One evening a terrible storm arose. It lightened and thundered; the rain streamed down; it was fearful.

Then there was a knocking at the town gate, and the old king went out to open it.

It was a princess who stood outside the gate. But mercy! how she looked! The rain ran down from her hair and her clothes; it ran in at the toes of her shoes and out at the heels; and yet she declared that she was a real princess.

“We shall soon find that out,” thought the old queen. She said nothing, but went into the bedchamber, took off all the bedding, and put a pea on the flooring of the bedstead. Then she took twenty mattresses and laid them upon the pea, and then twenty eider-down beds upon the mattresses. On this the princess had to lie all night.

In the morning she was asked how she had slept. “Oh, miserably,” said the princess. “I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. I lay upon something hard, so that I am black and blue all over. It was quite dreadful.”

Now the old queen knew that the stranger was a real princess, for she had felt the pea through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eider-down beds. No one but a real princess could be so delicate.

So the prince took her for his wife, for now he also was sure that she was a real princess; and the pea was put in the museum, and it is there now, unless somebody has carried it off.

THE FAIRIES' SHOPPING

MARGARET DELAND

Where do you think the Fairies go
To buy their blankets ere the snow?

When Autumn comes with frosty days
The sorry, shivering, little Fays

Begin to think it's time to creep
Down to their caves for Winter sleep.

But first they come from far and near
To buy where shops are not too dear.

(The wind and frost bring prices down,
So Fall's their time to come to town.)

Where on the hillside rough and steep
Browse all day long the cows and sheep,

The mullein's yellow candles burn
Over the heads of dry sweet fern :

All Summer long the mullein weaves
His soft and thick and woolly leaves.

Warmer blankets were never seen
Than these broad leaves of fuzzy green.

To buy their sheets and fine white lace
(With which to trim a pillow-case),

They only have to go next door,
Where stands a sleek, brown spider's store.

And there they find the misty threads
Ready to cut into sheets and spreads;

Then for a pillow, pluck with care
Some soft-winged seeds as light as air;

Just what they want the thistle brings,
But thistles are such surly things;

And so, though it is somewhat high,
The clematis the Fairies buy.

The only bedsteads that they need
Are silky pods of ripe milkweed,



With hangings of the dearest things—
Autumn leaves, or butterflies' wings.

And dandelions' fuzzy heads
They use to stuff their feather-beds;

And yellow snapdragons supply
The nightcaps that the Fairies buy,

To which some blades of grass they pin,
And tie them 'neath each little chin.

Then, shopping done, the Fairies cry,
“Our Summer's gone! oh, sweet, good-by!”

And sadly to their caves they go,
To hide away from Winter's snow—

And then, though winds and storms may beat,
The Fairies' sleep is warm and sweet.

A LASTING FRIENDSHIP

I

A true friend is one of the best things in this world. Mothers and fathers are the best friends children have.

Two men lived a long time ago who were true friends. They would do anything for one another, it mattered not how great a thing was asked.

David was the name of one of these men, and Jonathan the name of the other. David was a shepherd and tended his father's sheep, but Jonathan was a king's son.

The shepherd boy had learned to play on the harp. He could play on the harp better than any one else. He could sing, too, and made songs which he sang. These songs are sung to-day in almost every part of the world.

When David was still a boy, the king of his

country, who was Jonathan's father, sent for him.

The king's name was Saul, and he was sick. He thought music would make him feel better.

David played and sang for King Saul, and the king grew better. He was so pleased that he told David he must stay with him all the time.

Now Jonathan was very glad when he heard that David was not going back home. He had learned to love David very much, and David loved Jonathan.

The boy who could play so well upon the harp, and sang so sweetly, was brave and fearless, too. He killed the lions and bears that came to take his sheep, and was afraid of no man. One day he killed a great giant who had long threatened King Saul's army. After that he went to live in the king's house.

Now Jonathan was also brave and fearless like David. He and David became great friends. Jonathan gave David his own robe, and all

his other garments. And he gave him his sword, and bow, and his girdle.

Then these two men said, "We will be true friends always." Neither of them ever forgot his love for the other.

II

David was successful whenever he went to the wars, and soon grew to be a famous soldier. All the people loved him, and they would shout aloud praising him.

Jonathan heard these shouts, and was glad. His friend was successful; he loved his friend.

King Saul heard these praises uttered by the people, and was angry. He was afraid the people might want to make David king, so he wished to kill him.

The wish of King Saul became known to Jonathan, David's faithful friend. So he went to David and said, "You must hide yourself, for my father seeks to kill you."

David hid himself, and Jonathan went and spoke good things of David to the king. After a time the king said that David might return, and he would not harm him.

But the king did not keep his promise long. He grew angry with David again and said, "David I hate; he shall die."

This time David went to Jonathan and said, "What have I done that your father should seek my life?"

Jonathan said, "I cannot think my father wants to kill you."

"I know that he seeks my life," replied David.

Then Jonathan said, "David, my friend, my father shall not kill you; I will help you to escape his wrath again."

Saul attempted to kill Jonathan when he made excuses for David, who was hiding from the king. Several times King Saul tried to kill his son Jonathan, because of his friendship for David.

Jonathan ran to David and said, "You must go from here, or my father may find you and kill you."

Then the two men embraced, and said that they never would forget that they were friends. They never did. David went to another place, while Jonathan went back to his father.

After this King Saul searched for David a long time. One day he found him. The two men talked together, and at last the king promised David not to injure him in any way.

But David did not trust the king fully, and he never went to live with him again. Several times David might have killed Saul, but he would not harm his king. Besides, he was the father of his truest friend.

III

One day a messenger came to David and said that King Saul and Jonathan had been killed in a great battle.

This news made David very sad. His king was dead, whom he had always respected; and his best friend, the brave, fearless Jonathan, was slain. He wept bitterly, and mourned for Saul and Jonathan a long time.

He wrote a beautiful song praising Saul and Jonathan.

David sang of Jonathan, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful."

The people made David their king, and other kings gave him gifts. But no gift made by any king equalled the love of his dead friend Jonathan. It was more precious to David than gold, or than the most precious of sparkling jewels.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art
with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-
ence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head
with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life : and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord forever.

THE CRICKETS' SCHOOL

CLARA DILLINGHAM PIERSON

In one corner of the meadow lived a fat old Cricket, who thought a great deal of himself. He had such a big, shining body, and a way of chirping so very loudly, that nobody could ever forget where he lived.

He was a very good sort of Cricket, too, ready to say the most pleasant things to everybody; yet, sad to relate, he had a dreadful habit of boasting. He had not always lived in the meadow, and he liked to tell of the wonderful things he had seen and done when he was younger, and lived up near the white farmhouse.

The little Crickets liked to hear him talk, and would often come to the door of his house, which was a hole in the ground, to beg him to tell them more.

One evening he said he would teach them a few things that all little Crickets should know. He had them stand in a row, and then began: "With what part of your body do you eat?"

"With our mouths," all the little Crickets shouted.

"With what part of your body do you run and leap?"

"Our legs," they cried.

"Do you do anything else with your legs?"

"We clean ourselves with them," said one.

"We use them and our mouths to make our houses in the ground," said another.

"Oh, yes, and we hear with our two front legs," cried one bright little fellow.

"That is right," answered the fat old Cricket. "Some creatures hear with things called ears, that grow on the sides of their heads; but for my part, I think it much nicer to hear with one's legs, as we do."

“Why, how funny it must be not to hear with one’s legs as we do,” cried all the little Crickets together.

“There are a great many queer things to be seen in the great world,” said their teacher. “I have seen some terribly big creatures with only two legs and no wings whatever.”

“How dreadful!” all the little Crickets cried. “We wouldn’t think they could move at all.”

“It must be very hard to do so,” said their teacher; “I was very sorry for them,” and he spread out his own wings and stretched his six legs to show how he enjoyed them.

“But how can they sing if they have no wings?” asked the bright little Cricket.

“They sing through their mouths, in much the same way that the birds have to. I am sure it must be much easier to sing by rubbing one’s wings together, as we do,” said the fat old teacher.

“I could tell you many queer things about

these two-legged creatures, and the houses in which they live, and perhaps some day I will.



“ There are other large four-legged creatures around their homes that are very terrible; but, my children, I was never afraid of any of them. I

am one of the truly brave people who are never frightened, no matter how terrible the sight. I hope, children, that you will always be brave like me. If anything should scare you, do not jump or run away. Stay right where you are, and —”

But the little Crickets never heard the rest of what their teacher began to say, for at that minute Brown Bess, the Cow, came through a broken fence towards the spot where the Crickets were. The teacher gave one shrill “chirp,” and scrambled down his hole. The little Crickets fairly tumbled over each other in their hurry to get away, and the fat old Cricket, who had been out in the great world, never again talked to them about being brave.

BROTHER FOX'S TWO DINNERS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

“Once upon a time,” said Mr. Rabbit, “when Brother Fox and myself were living on pretty good terms with each other, we received an invitation to attend a barbecue that Brother Wolf was going to give on the following Saturday. The next day we received an invitation to a barbecue that Brother Bear was going to give on the same Saturday.

“I made up my mind at once to go to Brother Bear’s barbecue, because I knew he would have fresh roasting ears, and if there’s anything I like better than another, it’s fresh roasting ears. I asked Brother Fox whether he was going to Brother Bear’s barbecue or to Brother Wolf’s, but he shook his head. He said he hadn’t made up his mind.

“I went about my work as usual, but I noticed

Brother Fox was restless in his mind. He didn't do a stroke of work. I said to him, 'I hope you are not sick, Brother Fox.'

"'Oh, no, Brother Rabbit,' said he; 'I never felt better in my life.'

"'I hope I'll have the pleasure of your company to the barbecue to-morrow,' said I.

"'I can't tell you, Brother Rabbit,' said he, 'I can't tell. I haven't made up my mind. I may go to the one, or I may go to the other; but which it will be, I can't tell you to save my life.'

"As the next day was Saturday, I was up early, and at ten o'clock I started out for the barbecue. Brother Wolf lived near the river, and Brother Bear lived right on the river, a mile or two below Brother Wolf's. The big road that passed near where Brother Fox and I lived, led in the direction of the river for about three miles, and then it forked, one prong going to Brother Wolf's house, and the other prong going to Brother Bear's house.

“ Well, when I came to the forks of the road, whom should I see but old Brother Fox. I stopped before he saw me, and watched him.



He went a little way down one road, and licked his chops; then he came back and went a little way down the other road, and licked his chops.

“I showed myself and passed the time of day with Brother Fox, and said that if he was going to Brother Bear’s barbecue, I would be glad to have his company. But he said that he wouldn’t keep me waiting. He had just come down to the forks of the road to see if that would help him to make up his mind. I told him I was sorry to miss his company, and then went down the road that led to Brother Bear’s house.

“It was a fine barbecue. There was lamb, and kid, and shote, all cooked to a turn and well seasoned, and then there was hash made out of the giblets.

“After we had finished and were sitting on Brother Bear’s porch, I happened to mention to Brother Bear something about Brother Wolf’s barbecue, and said that I thought I would go by Brother Wolf’s house as I went home, just to see how the land lay.

“Brother Bear said: ‘If you’ll wait till my

company take their leave, I don't mind trotting over to Brother Wolf's with you. The walk will help to settle my dinner.'

"So, about two hours by sun, we started out. Brother Bear knew a short cut through the big canebrake, and it didn't take us more than half an hour to get there. Brother Wolf was just telling his company good-by; and when they had all gone, he would have us go in and taste his mutton stew.

"I said, 'Brother Wolf, have you seen Brother Fox to-day?'

"Brother Wolf said, 'I declare I haven't seen anything of Brother Fox. I don't see why he didn't come. He's always keen to go where there's fresh meat a-frying.'

"The reason I asked,' said I, 'was because I left Brother Fox at the forks of the road trying to make up his mind whether he would eat at your house or at Brother Bear's.'

"'Well, I'm sorry,' said Brother Wolf; 'Brother

Fox never missed a finer chance to pick a bone than he's had to-day. Please tell him so for me.'

"I said I would, and then I told Brother Wolf and Brother Bear good-by and set out for home. I went in a gallop and came to the forks of the road before the sun went down.

"You may not believe it, but when I got there Brother Fox was there going through the same motions that made me laugh in the morning—running down one road and licking his chops, and then running down the other and licking his chops.

"'I hope you had a good dinner at Brother Wolf's to-day,' said I.

"'I have had no dinner,' said he.

"'That's funny,' said I. 'Brother Bear had a famous barbecue, and I thought Brother Wolf was going to have one, too.'

"'Is dinner over? Is it too late to go?'

"Said I, 'Why, Brother Fox, the sun's nearly

down. By the time you get to Brother Bear's house, he'll be gone to bed ; and by the time you go across the swamp to Brother Wolf's house, the chickens will be crowing for day.'

"' Well, well, well ! ' said Brother Fox, ' I've been all day trying to make up my mind which road I would take, and now it's too late.' "

THE WOLF AND THE KID

Æsop

A kid standing on a house-top saw a wolf passing by. Immediately the kid called out : " What are you doing near honest people's houses ? You are a rogue, as everybody knows. How dare you show yourself here, where every one looks upon you as a thief ? "

Looking up, the wolf said : " Call away, young friend. How easy it is to be brave from a safe distance ! "

THE NIGHT WIND

EUGENE FIELD

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?"
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
It's the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wait the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:

"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)

That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up around my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day

And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, “Who has been bad?”
And then you’ll hear what’s true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:

“ Yoooooooo !
Yoooooooo !
Yoooooooo ! ”

A CAVALCADE

JOHN B. TABB

“ Thistle-down, thistle-down, whither away?
Will you not longer abide?”
“ Nay, we have wedded the winds to-day,
And home with the rovers we ride.”

SIR CLEGES AND THE CHRISTMAS CHERRIES

F. J. H. DARTON

I

Once upon a time there lived a brave knight named Sir Cleges. Every year at Christmas Sir Cleges gave a great feast. Rich and poor the country round came to his feast.

There were rich gifts of robes and jewels, horses, gold and silver for the guests when they left.

For ten years Sir Cleges held his feast. But at last he had no wealth left. His friends and servants left him. No one but his good wife lived with him when he was poor.

One Christmas when Sir Cleges was very poor the king made a feast. Sir Cleges had no gift to send to the king, and he was too poor to go to the court.

As he stood mourning, his wife came to him.

“My good lord,” she said, “I pray you cease

to mourn. On this Christmas day put away your sorrow. Let us go to our meal now and be as merry as we may."

They put their sad thoughts away, and the knight went out into the garden, where he thanked God for the content that had come into his heart instead of sadness.

As he knelt, he felt a bough over his head. He laid his hand on it, and behold a wonderful thing happened. He found green leaves and cherries in plenty.

"Dear God," said he, "what manner of berry may this be at this time of year? At this season fruit trees do not bear."

He tasted the fruit, and found it the best he had ever eaten. With his knife he cut off a bough and took it to his wife.

"Lo, dame!" said he, "here is a new thing. On a cherry-tree in our garden I found this fruit. It is a great marvel."

Then said his wife: "Let us fill a basket,

for 'tis a gift that God hath sent. To-morrow you can take a basket of cherries to the king."

On the morrow, when it was light, Sir Cleges took a staff, for he had no horse to ride, and he set out on foot to go to give his Christmas gift to the king.

II

In time Sir Cleges came to the castle.

He tried to enter at the great gate. But he was poorly clad, and a porter barred the way.

"Churl," said the man, "begone, or I will break your head. Go stand with the beggars."

"Good Sir," said Sir Cleges, "I pray you let me in; I have a gift for the king. Behold what I bring."

The porter lifted the lid of the basket and saw the cherries. Well he knew that such a gift would bring a great reward from the king.

"You can not come into this place," he said, "unless you promise me the third part of what-



ever the king gives you, whether it be silver or gold."

"I agree," said the knight, and the porter let him enter.

But at the hall door stood an usher with a staff.

"Go back," he cried; "I will break every bone in your body if you come further."

"Good Sir," said the knight, "cease your anger. I have here a present for the king. Last night it grew in my garden. Behold whether it be true or false."

The usher lifted the lid of the basket, and saw the cherries.

"You can not come in," he said, "unless you give me a third part of whatever is given you for the cherries."

Sir Cleges saw no other way, so he granted what was asked, and with sadder heart he went into the king's hall.

The king's steward walked about among the lords and ladies. To Sir Cleges he came and

said: "Who made you so bold as to come here? Get hence with your rags and basket."

"I have here a present for the king," answered Sir Cleges.

The steward looked into the basket. "Never saw I such fruit at this season of the year," he cried. "No, never since I was born. You shall not reach the king, unless you promise me a third part of what he gives you."

Sir Cleges saw nothing for it but to agree. "Whatsoever the king grants me, you shall have a third part, never fear."

Up to the throne went Sir Cleges and knelt before the king.

He uncovered the basket. The king saw the fresh cherries.

"This is a fair gift," said he, and he bade Sir Cleges sit down to the feast.

When the feast was done the king said, "Call me the poor man who brought those cherries."

"I thank you heartily," said the king, "for

your gift; you have honored my feast and my guests, and you have also honored me. Whatsoever you wish, that I will grant."

"I pray then," said Sir Cleges, "that you grant me twelve strokes to deal out as I please."

Then answered the king, "It were better you had wished for land and gold; you have more need of it."

But Sir Cleges asked again for the twelve strokes, and the king granted them.

Then the knight found the proud steward, and he gave him such a stroke that he fell down; the knight gave him three strokes more. "Take the third part of my reward," he said.

Out of the hall Sir Cleges went to find the usher and the porter. To each he gave four hard strokes, to teach him better manners for the next poor man who wanted to see the king.

Then the knight went back to thank the king once more for his gift. But the king asked him why he had dealt the twelve strokes to his servants.

“Sire, I could not enter your presence until I promised each of them one-third of whatever you granted me.”

The king sent for his steward, his usher, and his porter.

“Have you had your reward?” he asked.

But they answered only with angry looks at the knight. Then said the king to Sir Cleges: “What is your name, good man? Tell me truly.”

“I am Sir Cleges. I was once your own knight, great king,” he said.

“Are you Sir Cleges who served me and were so generous and free and stout in fight?”

“Even so, my king, until poverty overtook me.”

Then the king gave Sir Cleges all that belonged to a brave knight. He gave him a castle and many other gifts, and Sir Cleges rode home to his wife and told her all that had been given to him, and they lived in happiness to the end of their days.

MISS BILLY

JOSEPHINE D. PEARY

Ah-ni-ghi-to was the name which the Eskimos gave to a little white baby born up in the Snowland in the Arctic regions. Her real name was Marie Peary. She lived there with her mother for nearly a year, when one day late in August the same big black ship which had brought Ah-ni-ghi-to's father and mother to the Snowland came up the bay and stopped just in front of the little house.

Then Ah-ni-ghi-to and her mother took "Miss Billy," who was an Eskimo girl, about twelve years old, on board the ship, and it steamed away south. When "Miss Billy" left her Snowland to come to the United States with Ah-ni-ghi-to and her mother, she left her father and mother and two sisters, who were very proud to have her go to the land of the white man.

She had never in her life seen a house larger than the one-story black house in which Ah-ni-ghi-to was born; never had seen a bush or a tree, and never a horse or a cow, a wagon or a carriage, a train of cars or a steam-engine. She had never had a bath until Ah-ni-ghi-to's mother gave her one on board ship, and she could not understand why she must wash herself and brush her hair every morning.

On reaching Philadelphia, Ah-ni-ghi-to, with her mother and "Billy," drove to the railroad station, and "Billy's" eyes nearly danced out of her head at the sight of what she called big dogs (horses) which pulled the carriage, and the high "igloos" (Eskimo houses) that lined the streets. The station, she said, was the largest and finest "igloo" she had ever seen. When she saw an engine pull out a train of cars, she clung to Ah-ni-ghi-to's mother and asked what sort of animal it was, and would it eat people.

This little dusky maiden, who was the young-

est of her people to reach the land of sunshine and plenty, had everything to learn. First, she must learn to talk, for of course she could not speak English ; then she must learn to eat, for in the Snowland her people eat nothing but meat. She must learn that meals were served at regular times, that we bathed daily, and retired and rose at given times.

All this was new to her, for in her country the people eat whenever they are hungry. They have no tables or chairs, and never prepare meals. Sometimes, when it is very cold, they will cut slices off the chunks of frozen meat which are lying about on the floors of their "igloos," and steep them in water heated over their lamps.

When they are sleepy, they curl up anywhere and go to sleep. Bathing was unknown to them until they saw Ah-ni-ghi-to's father and mother ; indeed, they never even washed their faces, but perhaps this was because water is very scarce during the greater part of the year. Everything

is frozen, and their only fire and light is what they get from their lamp.

This lamp is a shallow stone dish, on the centre of which are heaped pieces of blubber, and across the front edge is placed dried moss. This moss acts as a wick, and as the fat melts it is absorbed by the moss, and this is lit with flint and steel. This is the only heat and light that is to be found in an Eskimo hut at any time.

The next summer it was decided the great ship should sail to the land of the midnight sun to bring Ah-ni-ghi-to's father home, and "Miss Billy" should return to her family.

When she reached the Snowland, there was great rejoicing among her people, and feasts were given of fine, raw walrus, seal, and bear meat, in honor of the young member of the tribe who had seen the sun rise and set every day for a year.

About two hours after her landing, "Miss Billy" was seen with a piece of meat weighing about five pounds, enjoying her first meal in a year.

THE FROST

HANNAH F. GOULD

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train —
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain —
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its
crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and
 trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities, and temples, and towers; and
 these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—

 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “ This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And this glass of water they have left for me
 Shall ‘tchick! ’ to tell them I am drinking.”

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

I

In a little, old house in a little, old village in Japan lived a little, old man and his little, old wife.

One morning when the old woman slid open the screens which form the sides of all Japanese houses, she saw on the door-step a poor little Sparrow. She took him up gently and fed him. Then she held him in the bright morning sunshine until the cold dew was dried from his wings. Afterward she let him go so that he might fly home to his nest, but he stayed to thank her with his songs.

Each morning when the pink on the mountain top told that the sun was new, the Sparrow sat on the roof of the house and sang out his joy.

The old man and woman thanked the Sparrow for this, for they liked to be up early and at

work. But near them there lived a cross old woman who did not like to be awakened so early. At last she became so angry that she caught the Sparrow and cut his tongue. Then the poor little Sparrow flew away to his home, but he could never sing again.

When the kind woman knew what had happened to her pet, she was very sad. She said to her husband, "Let us go and find our poor little Sparrow." So they started together, and asked of each bird by the wayside, "Do you know where the Tongue-cut Sparrow lives? Do you know where the Tongue-cut Sparrow went?"

In this way, they went on until they came to a bridge. They did not know which way to turn, and at first could see no one to ask.

At last they saw a Bat hanging head downward, taking his daytime nap. "Oh, friend Bat, do you know where the Tongue-cut Sparrow went?" they asked.

"Yes. Over the bridge and up the mountain,"

said the Bat. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes and was fast asleep again.

They went over the bridge and up the mountain, but again they found two roads, and did not know which one to take. Field Mouse peeped through the leaves and grass, so they asked him, "Do you know where the Tongue-cut Sparrow went?"

"Yes. Down the mountain and through the woods," said the Field Mouse.

Down the mountain and through the woods they went, and at last came to the home of their little friend.

When he saw them coming, the poor little Sparrow was very happy indeed. He and his wife and children all came and bowed their heads down to the ground to show their respect. Then the Sparrow rose and led the old man and the old woman into his house, while his wife and children hastened to bring them rice and fish.

After they had feasted, the Sparrow wished to

please them still more, so he danced for them what is called the sparrow dance.

When the sun began to sink, the old man and woman started for home. The Sparrow brought out two baskets. "I would like to give you one of these," he said. "Which will you take?"

One basket was full, while the other one seemed very small and light.

The old people thought they would not take the large basket, for that might have all the Sparrow's treasure in it, so they said, "The way is long and we are very old, so please let us take the smaller one."

They took it and walked home over the mountain and across the bridge, happy and contented.

When they reached their own home, they decided to open the basket and see what the Sparrow had given them. Within the basket they found many rolls of silk and piles of gold, enough to make them rich, so they were more grateful than ever to the Sparrow.



II

The cross old woman who had cut the Sparrow's tongue, was peering in through the screen when they opened their basket. She saw the rolls of silk and the piles of gold, and planned how she might get some for herself.

The next morning she went to the kind woman and said, "I am so sorry that I cut the tongue of your Sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home so that I may go to him and tell him I am sorry."

The kind woman told her the way, and she set out. She went across the bridge and over the mountain. At last she came to the home of the little Sparrow.

He was not so glad to see the old woman, yet he was very kind to her and did everything to make her feel welcome. He made a feast for her, and when she started home the Sparrow brought out two baskets as before. Of course the woman chose the larger basket, for

she thought that would have even more wealth than the other one.

It was very heavy, and caught on the trees as she was going through the wood. She could hardly pull it up the mountain with her, and she was all out of breath when she reached the top. She did not get to the bridge until it was dark. Then she was so afraid of dropping the basket into the river that she scarcely dared to stop.

When at last she reached home, she was so tired that she was half dead, but she pulled the screens close shut, so that no one could look in, and opened her treasure.

Treasure indeed! A whole swarm of horrible creatures burst from the basket the moment she opened it. They stung her and bit her, they pushed her and pulled her, they scratched her and laughed at her screams.

At last she crawled to the edge of the room and slid aside the screen to get away from the

pests. The moment the door was opened, they swooped down upon her and flew away with her. Since then, nothing has been heard of the old woman.

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

MINNIE T. VARNEY

On a hillside there grew a very pretty little fir-tree. The little tree was not alone. All around it stood other fir-trees. Some were very tall, and some were just beginning to grow.

At the foot of the hill were broad, green fields. There daisies and buttercups grew.

Little breezes ran down the hillside. As they went they whispered to the little fir-tree,— “We are going down to play with the flowers.”

Soon all the daisies and buttercups would be nodding their heads. Then the tree knew they were saying, “How do you do?” to the breezes.

Behind the little fir-tree were high mountains—so high they seemed to be touching the sky. Very often the clouds came down and rested on the tops of these mountains. Then the little fir-tree could not see them at all.

Sometimes the clouds brought snow, and

sometimes they brought rain. If the wind came hurrying after them, he would blow them all away. Then there would be no snow nor rain.

The sun would shine again, and all the fir-trees would sing together as the wind passed by.

The birds and the flowers heard the music of the fir-trees; when the children were playing in the fields, they would stop and listen.

Down the mountain side came a brook, jumping and leaping over the rocks on its way. Down, down, down it came, running swiftly as it passed the little fir-tree.

“Stop, little brook,” called the tree; “why do you always hurry so? I want to talk to you.”

“I can’t stop,” cried the brook. “Don’t you see that I am tumbling down hill?”

And on went the brook, until it reached the green fields. There it ran more slowly.

One day two little birds flew to the fir-tree. Soon they began to build a nest among its branches.

How proud the little fir-tree was because it had been chosen by the birds. It rejoiced to hold such a dear little home. And when the eggs were laid in the pretty, soft nest, all its leaves sang for joy.

The mother bird sat on the nest, and the father bird sat by her side. Sometimes he would sit on the nest. Then the little mother bird would fly away to stretch her tired wings and legs.

While they were waiting for the eggs to hatch, the tree and the birds became very good friends. And one day the birds said, "Some day you will surely be a Christmas tree."

"A Christmas tree?" The fir-tree did not know what the birds meant.

Then the birds told the tree of the happy Christmas time, and the Christmas trees on which gifts were hung for the children.

And the tree thought for a long time about what the birds had said.

The tree loved its home on the hillside. It

loved the noisy brook. It loved the wind, and the clouds, and the sunshine. It loved the birds and flowers.

To be a Christmas tree it must give up all these things, even its own life. But, then, the children would be so happy.

At last the tree decided that was best, — to make the children happy. So it hoped to be a Christmas tree.

By and by the eggs were hatched. Then the birds were very busy caring for the little ones, — too busy to find time for talking. But the tree remembered all they had said.

Soon the baby birds were old enough to leave the nest. Then they all flew away. Only the empty nest, the dear little home which the birds had made, was left.

The days began to grow cold. The daisies and buttercups had gone to bed, and the brook was going to sleep. Great clouds rested on the mountain tops.

“Winter is coming,” said the tree.

Soon the air was filled with great, soft flakes of snow. Down they came so softly, so gently, all searching for a resting place.

Hillside, field, and brook were hidden beneath the snow. All was cold, and white, and silent.

The days seemed very long to the little fir-tree. It was too cold to sing, even too cold to grow. So the little tree went to sleep.

Suddenly, one day, the tree awoke. It heard children’s voices calling. A crowd of merry boys and girls were coming. They were pulling a great sled, and with them was a man carrying an axe on his shoulder.

Nearer and nearer they came, until they stood before the fir-tree.

“Look, father, at this one!” cried the oldest girl. And all the others exclaimed: “Oh, this is the one we want! This is the prettiest tree, and see the dear little nest among its branches.”

The fir-tree was cut down, and carried away on the great sled. The little nest had not been disturbed.

Christmas eve came. In the centre of a large room stood the fir-tree. It was all ablaze with light, and loaded with toys.

At the end of each twig it held a shining candle. On the topmost branch of all sparkled a glittering star.

And when the tree looked at the little nest still resting among its branches, it thought, "If the birds could but see me now."

The children came. How their happy faces shone, and their bright eyes sparkled. They formed a ring around the tree and sang happy Christmas songs.

Little green fir-tree,
All shining and bright,
Sending your joys forth
To all this glad night;

We greet you with song,
To us you are dear,
Little green fir-tree,
We welcome you here.

Low your boughs bending,
What treasures they bear,
Rich and abundant,
For all there's a share.
Kind hearts have made you
A gem of delight —
Dear little fir-tree,
We greet you to-night.

And because it had a true Christmas heart, the fir-tree rejoiced and was glad. Its best it had given. What greater glory could come to a little fir-tree?

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads,

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap —

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash ;
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below ;

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name :

“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and
Vixen !

On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Dunder and Blixen ! —
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,

So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.



He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack,

His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself,

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of
sight,
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-
night ! ”

SNOW

MARY MAPES DODGE

Little white feathers, filling the air—
Little white feathers ! how came ye there ?
“ We came from the cloud-birds sailing so high ;
They’re shaking their white wings up in the sky.”

Little white feathers, how swift you go !
Little white feathers, I love you so !
“ We are swift because we have work to do ;
But hold up your face, and we’ll kiss you true.”

SANTA CLAUS'S PARTNER

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

“Kitty,” said Mr. Livingstone, “I want to get up a Christmas for some poor children, and I don’t know how to do it, so I have come to ask you to help me. I want you to play Santa Claus for me, and we will find the toys, and then we will find the children. I have a great big sleigh, and we will go off to a toy-shop, and presently I will bring you back home again.”

Kitty reflected a moment, and then said quietly, “All right.” She stepped into the sleigh, and he followed her.

“Where shall we go first?” she asked.

“Why, I think I will let you select the place,” he said.

“We will go to Brown’s,” said the child, quietly, and, dropping her eyes, she settled

herself back in the furs as though the problem were definitely settled.

Just as they drove up, the door of the shop was being closed, and the little girl gave an exclamation of disappointment.

“Oh, we are too late!” she cried; but jumping down, she put her mouth to the crack of the door and called:

“Oh, Mr. Brown, please let me in! It’s *me*, Kitty Clark, Mr. Clark’s little girl.”

Instantly a step came towards the door, the bolts were drawn back, and half the door was opened.

“Why, Kitty, what are you doing out at this time of night? Aren’t you afraid Santa Claus will come while you are away, and not bring you anything? You know what they say if he does not find everybody asleep in bed.”

Kitty dropped her voice to a mysterious whisper:

"I know who Santa Claus is. I found it out last Christmas."

"Kitty, you didn't! You must have been mistaken! Who is he?"

"Mr. — Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. — Clark," said Kitty, slowly and impressively, as though she were adding up figures, and the result would speak for itself. "I'm playing Santa Claus myself to-night," she said. "This is Mr. Livingstone, papa's employer. He's got a whole lot of children — not his own children — other people's children — that he's going to give Christmas presents to, and I've come to help him. What have you got left, Mr. Santa Claus?"

Then she turned to Mr. Livingstone. "How much money have you got to spend?" she asked. "As much as a dollar?"

"Yes."

"More?"

"Yes."

"How much more?"

“As much as you want. Suppose you pick out the things you like, and then we can see about the price,” he suggested.

“Well,” said Kitty, “if I were a real, sure-nough Santa Claus, I’d just get—everything in these cases.”

“And what would you do with them?” asked Mr. Livingstone.

“I’d carry that doll—to Jean, and that—to Sue, and that—to Mollie, and that—to Dee, and those skates to Johnny, and—that sled to Tom, and—that woolly lamb to little Billy, ’cause he loves squashy things. And then I’d take all the rest in my sleigh, and I’d go to the hospital where the poor children haven’t got any papas and mammas like me to give them everything, and where Santa Claus can’t ever go, and I’d put something by the side of every bed—of every one, and, maybe, they’d think at first it was only a dream; but when they waked up wide, they’d find Santa Claus had been there, sure enough!”

Mr. Livingstone spoke a few words aside to Mr. Brown. The shopkeeper's eyes opened wide. Soon the shop looked as though it had been struck by a whirlwind, and Mr. Brown and Mr. Livingstone packed the big sleigh as full as it would hold.

"Where are we going, Mr. Livingstone?" Kitty whispered, afraid to speak aloud lest she might break the spell, and awake.

"Just where you like."

"To the Children's Hospital," she panted.

"We'll play you are Santa Claus," she said, in a voice of low delight.

"No. Play you are Santa Claus's partner."

When the door of the hospital was opened, a matronly figure asked, "Who is it?"

"Santa Claus's partner," said Kitty.

"What do you want, dear?"

"To leave some presents for the children."

"What children?"

"All the good children — all the sick children, I mean — all the children," said Kitty.

It was some time before the doors opened again and Kitty reappeared.

"It's all done," she said; "and I prayed so hard that not one of them stirred, and now when they wake they'll think it was real Santa Claus. They say he always comes at twelve, and I counted the clocks."

A little warm hand was slipped into Mr. Livingstone's. "I think we'd better go home now." The voice was full of deep content.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.

— LOWELL.

WHY DO BELLS FOR CHRISTMAS RING?

EUGENE FIELD

Why do bells for Christmas ring?

Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pilloved soft upon the hay ;
And its mother sung and smiled,
“This is Christ, the holy child.”

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

AN ESKIMO GAME

FREDERICK SCHWATKA

One sport that amuses the Eskimo boys is reindeer-hunting. Having found a long and gentle slope on a side hill, they place along the bottom of the hill a number of reindeer antlers. These are stuck upright in the snow, singly or in groups, in such a manner that a sled, when well guided, can be run between them without knocking any of them down, the number of open spaces between the groups being equal to at least the number of sleds.

The quantity of reindeer antlers they can thus arrange will, of course, depend upon their fathers' success the autumn before in reindeer-hunting; but there are nearly always enough antlers to give two or three to each fearless young coaster.

The boys with their sleds, numbering from four



to six in a fair-sized village, gather on the top of a hill, each boy having with him two or three spears, or a bow with as many arrows.

They start together, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible and not be the first to reach the bottom of the hill. You can see that, in such a case, the slower they go when they are passing the antlers the better.

They must knock over the antlers with their spears or arrows only, as those thrown down by the sledge or with the bow or spear in the hand do not count.

They begin to shoot their arrows and throw their spears as soon as they can get within effective shooting distance; and, even after they have passed between the rows of antlers, the more active boys will turn around on their flying sleds and hurl back a spear or arrow with sufficient force to bring down an antler.

When all have reached the bottom of the hill, they return to the row of antlers, where each boy

picks out those he has rightfully captured and places them in a pile by themselves.

Then those accidentally knocked over by the sledges are again put up and the boys return for another dash down the hill, until all the antlers have been "speared."

Sometimes there is but one antler left, and when there are five or six contesting sleds the race becomes very exciting, for then speed counts in reaching the antler first. When all are down, the boys count their winnings, and the victor is, of course, the one who has obtained the greatest number of antlers.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.

— MONTGOMERY.

THE FOX IN THE WELL

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE

Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When Wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.
Over the wheel a well chain hung,
From which two empty buckets swung.
At one drawn up beside the brink,
The Fox had paused, no doubt, to drink;
And, putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket; and the bucket slipped,
When, hampered by the bail, he fell,
As I have said, into the well.
As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.
His cousin Wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished, at the top,

Looked down, and, by the uncertain light,
Saw Reynard in a curious plight,—
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had caught him!

“What do you there?” his cousin cried.
“Dear cousin Wolf,” the Fox replied,
“In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what d’ye think I saw?
It glimmered bright and still below;
You’ve seen it, but you did not know
It was a treasure. Now, behold!
I have my bucket filled with gold,
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives!”

The Wolf made answer, with a grin,
“Dear me! I thought you tumbled in!
What then is all this noise about?”
“Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you,” the Fox replied.
“First help me, then we will divide.”

“How?” “Get into the bucket there.”
The Wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think;—
There hung the bucket by the brink,
And in he stepped. As down he went,
The cunning Fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.

“That’s right! Ha, ha! how well you do!
How glad I am you came to help!”
Wolf struck the water with a yelp;
The Fox leaped out: “Dear Wolf,” said he,
“You’ve been so very kind to me,
I’ll leave the treasure all to you;—
I hope ’twill do you good! Adieu!
There comes the farmer!” Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the Wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate;—
To flattering craft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed!

A NEW KIND OF DINNER

DALLAS LORE SHARP

One day late in autumn I picked up a tree-toad that was stiff and nearly dead with cold.

I put him in a wide-mouthed bottle to thaw, and found by evening that he was quite alive, sitting with his toes turned in, looking much surprised at his new quarters. He made himself at home, however, and settled down comfortably, ready for what might happen next.

The following day he climbed up the side of the bottle and slept several hours, his tiny toes holding him as easily and restfully as if he were stretched upon a feather-bed. I turned him upside down ; but he knew nothing of it until later when he awoke ; then he turned round with his head up and went to sleep again. At night he was wide awake, winking and blinking at the lamp, watching me through his window of green glass.

A few nights after his rescue Hyla sat upon the bottom of his bottle in a very queer position. His eyes were drawn in, his head bent down, his feet rolled up — his whole body huddled into a ball less than half its normal size. After a time he began to kick and gasp as if in pain, rolling and unrolling himself. I thought he was dying. He would double up into a bunch, then kick out suddenly and stand up on his hind legs with his mouth wide open as if trying to swallow something. He was trying to swallow something, and the thing had stuck on the way. It was a kind of cord, and ran out of each corner of his mouth, passing over his front legs.

With the next gulp I saw the cord slip down a little, and, as it did so, the skin along his sides rolled up. It was his old suit! He was taking it off for a new one; and, instead of giving it to the poor, he was eating it. What a meal! What a way to undress!

Long ago the scholars told us that the toads ate their skins—after shedding them; but it was never made plain to me that they ate them while changing them—indeed, swallowed them off! Three great gulps more and the suit—shirt, shoes, stockings, and all—disappeared. Then Hyla winked, drew his clean sleeve across his mouth, and settled back with the very air of one who has sent away the waiter with the change.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit!
 Tu-who! a merry note!

—SHAKESPEARE.

HOW I DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE

FREDERICK S. CHURCH

I

The whole school went off on a picnic,—mamma and I and all of us. It wasn't like the kind of picnics when you go to the woods with lunch baskets.

We were a school of seals. Yes, we have schools just as you do, and we learn to fish and climb rocks. I am not going to tell you where we come from and where we go; no seal tells that. I will only say that this particular day we were off for a good time.

I was young and frisky, and mamma said, "You just keep alongside of me, and don't go fooling around, or you'll get into trouble." But I thought I knew more than mamma, and when we were all swimming alongside of some rocks, I saw a couple of sea-gulls I knew, and lagged behind, just to talk with them and tell them about our picnic.

They said, "Come up here and we will have a clam-bake and fish dinner and lots of fun;" so I sneaked behind and gave a dive down and waited till the school had got far enough along not to see me, and then I crawled up on the rocks with the gulls.

Didn't we have a nice time! We found a fire some one had made, and we caught some fish and clams and had a great feast, and after dinner dived off some rocks; and then came the beginning of my troubles.

I said, "I am a-going to dare you all to dive off that rock," pointing to one quite high and some distance off. I scrambled over and up, and, just as I was on top and about to dive, I heard the gulls scream, "Look out!" and something grabbed me by my hind flippers.

I looked, and, oh, for goodness' sake! if it wasn't a man! I yelled and squirmed and tried to bite him, and the gulls screamed and pecked at his face; but it was no use; he had

me tight, and I soon tired myself out, and he just took me under his arm, and down he went to a little fishing shanty where he lived.

Wasn't I scared, though! Mother told me never to go near a man; he would kill, skin, and boil me; but he didn't do either. He put me into a box and gave me some fish to eat, and then he went to work and fenced in a little place in the rocks so I couldn't get out. He watched me swim around and dive for the fish he threw in to me, and we became great friends.

He had a banjo he used to play upon; and one day he put it down on a rock and showed me how to use my flippers upon it so as to make music. I used to like it very much, and I would play upon it whenever he wanted me to.

One day he put me into a box, and we sailed away to a place called Boston, where he sold me to the keeper of a museum. I had to come

out three times a day and play before an audience. It was dark and stuffy where they kept me, and I was fed on bad fish, and not half enough of it. I was miserable, and cried for mamma. Then I was sent to New York, and put into a museum which was worse than the one in Boston, and I cried harder than ever.

II

But now comes the nice part.

One day they put me into my box with the banjo (which, by the way, was made expressly for me, as the museum men said I spoiled an ordinary banjo with my wet flippers). I found one day that the box, with me and the banjo, was on a boat, and—joy! I noticed that the end of the box had come open. Wasn't I glad!

I just flopped out, and, with my banjo in my flippers, dived off the boat down deep into the water. I swam as hard as I could, passing

along and under big vessels, once in a while putting my head up for a second for a breath — you know we can keep down a long time if we can only get a whiff of air occasionally. I knew I was fast approaching the sea. The water began to get clear and cold, and I began to see fish swimming by, so at last I ventured up for a good long breathing-spell.

I swam for days and days, the water getting colder and colder, until I began to see mountains of ice floating around. But I kept right on, and the ice began to get so solid, that I had to hunt for air-holes and cracks to get a breath.

One day I came up for a rest, and I heard some one talking behind a big clump of ice near by. I crept carefully along till I could look around and see where the noise came from ; and, don't you believe it, if there didn't sit a great, big, polar bear, with two seals in his lap and about twenty in a circle around



him. He was telling them stories! I was rather surprised, as I saw one once in a museum at Boston, and he always wanted to eat me up. Mother said up North the seals always had to look out for polar bears. But it seems this one was very old, and used to tell stories to everybody who would catch fish for him. I only stayed long enough to hear him tell this one, which he called

THE GINGERBERNOOSTER, AND HOW THE TIGER GOT HIS STRIPES

“As a tiger was going along one day, he saw a gingerbernooster. Now the tiger knew if the gingerbernooster saw him he was a ‘gorner,’ because the favorite food of the gingerbernooster is tigers. He was so scared that he could not run; he could only keep perfectly still and take his chances. The grass was long and thick, and the sunshine threw great shadows all over the tiger. He kept so still and was so mixed up

with shadows and grass that the gingerbernooster didn't see him, and passed along and was soon out of sight.

"Now you have heard about people being so scared that their hair turned gray in one night; well, this is what happened to the tiger. At that time tigers had no stripes; they were simply yellow and white. But this tiger was so scared that when he got over his fright and started for home, he found that the shadows of the grasses were marked on his entire body, and from that time all tigers have been striped. Now see if you can say gingerbernooster!"

And they all tried, but they couldn't, and for a week their jaws were all twisted.

This I thought was very interesting; and then instead of giving him a fish, I played a tune for him on my banjo. And, do you know, he got up and danced! But I was anxious to see the world, and started on.

III

Now comes the greatest part of all.

I felt I was a great musician, but I wanted to be great in another way, and, with a determined purpose in mind, I swam on. The ice kept getting thicker and thicker, and I used to have to hunt for breathing places, as the cracks and air-holes seemed to be getting less frequent. One day I saw in the distance some men and dogs, but I didn't want to have anything to do with them, and I slipped back under water, and didn't come up again for a long time.

Occasionally I would see some bears, but my banjo would always fascinate them, and they would sit and listen as long as I would play. Well, I kept on swimming, and one day I came up from under the ice, and what do you think I saw? Why, the North Pole! Yes, there it was, sticking right up in the ice; and I got up on my hind flippers and twirled my banjo around

in the air, and shouted as loud as I could, "I, I, I have discovered the North Pole ;" and then I sat down with my back resting on the Pole and played Yankee Doodle twenty-three times.

Now, I am not going to tell you much about it, because I don't want any of you to discover it. I will only say this, that the Pole is just sixteen feet high. The only inhabitants are sea-gulls and seals ; and they have ice-cream three times a day, and an extra plate on Sundays. They have jolly times, and play lots of games, and they all think I am a great musician.



LITTLE BROWN HANDS

MARY H. KROUT

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shaded lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows ;
They gather the earliest snowdrop,
And the first crimson bud of the rose.

• They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light ;
They know where the apples hang ripest,
More yellow than gold from the mines ;
They know where the fruit clusters thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand ;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings ;
And at night time are folded in silence
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great ;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and scholar, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The chisel, the sword, and the palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

IRENE THE IDLE

H. ESCOTT-INMAN

PART I

THE FAIRY HOUSE

“Oh, what a pretty little house!”

So said Irene, as she stood with her fairy godmother outside the fairy cottage. Mind you, it was a fairy cottage, or all these wonderful things could not have happened there.

“Do you think it pretty, Irene? I am glad of that, for it is here you are going to stay.”

“Oh, that will be just lovely! and am I to be all alone?”

“Quite,” replied the fairy. “This is my cottage, and I am going to leave you here to take care of it. Everything is in order now, and you must keep things so. Come inside, and I will tell you what has to be done.”

Entering, the fairy led Irene into a dainty little bedroom.

"Every morning you must shake the bed and make it. Open the windows wide to let in the air, then dust so clean that no speck can be seen.

"This," continued the fairy, opening a door, "is the parlor. Every day you must sweep the floor and polish the table and chairs. And this is the kitchen," said the fairy, leading the way into it.

"Be up with the sun, get your work done, keep the stove bright and fire alight. Here are the brushes; here are the brooms; here are the dusters for dusting the rooms. Here are the kettles, the pans, and the delf; here are the jugs hanging up by the shelf.

"I think that is all, Irene. Now I must be going. Do your work well, and soon I shall come to see you again. Good-by." So saying, this strange, little old lady walked briskly off, leaving Irene to care for the new home.

From parlor to bedroom, from bedroom to kitchen, and from kitchen to garden Irene wandered. Every minute she grew more pleased. At last she sat down in the cool, shady porch.

“It is perfectly lovely,” she sighed. “Heigh-ho! I do feel tired.”

“Now, then, mistress, if you do not look after me I shall go out.”

Irene nearly jumped out of her shoes. It was—but how could it be?—the fire talking. Speechless with wonder she sat and stared.

“Very well, I shall go out.” And, whiff, out went the fire.

Up jumped Irene and dashed to the wood-box. She seized some kindlings and a shovel-ful of coal, and rushed to the stove.

“Here, come back and shut me up.”

“What a wonderful place!” thought Irene. “Now the wood-box is talking.”

“May I trouble you to put down my cover, please?”

Then a stick of wood said, "You let me fall, kindly pick me up."

And then the floor actually spoke, "Please sweep the coal up, mistress."

Irene managed to do as she was told. She closed the wood-box, picked up the wood, and swept up the coal. She laid the broom on the table and started to build the fire, when—

"Hang me up, mistress, hang me up," called the broom.

"I can't do everything at once," said Irene, crossly, as she hung the broom on its hook.

"One thing at a time, mistress, and each in its proper order," answered the broom.

Soon Irene had the fire burning brightly again. She washed her hands, went to the drawer and got a snow-white table-cloth, and laid the table for dinner.

"Mistress, you have not shut me," called the drawer.

"Oh, bother!" cried Irene. She slammed the drawer in so hard that she knocked down a cup.

“Mistress, mistress, hang me up!”

“Oh, stay there and be quiet,” she replied angrily; and the cup said, “Very well, mistress,” and was silent.

“That’s better,” thought Irene. “If they will only keep quiet I can do things when I have time.”

In the pantry she found a dainty little pie, white bread and butter, ripe strawberries, and sweet cream. You may be sure she enjoyed her dinner. Whenever a voice called out she answered, “Be quiet, I will do it presently,” and she was obeyed. When she had finished eating she piled up the dirty dishes.

“I can wash them by and by,” she thought. As she turned away the dishes cried—

“Mistress, mistress, wash us, wash us, please.”

“Presently,” said Irene.

“Very well, mistress,” answered the dishes, and they were silent.

Irene sat down to rest. How delightful it was sitting there! How quiet it was! Not a sound indoors save the tick of the clock. Irene sat idle in the doorway. Tick, tick, went the clock.

“The moments fly one by one,

 Tick, tick!

Lazy, lazy, nothing done,

 Tick, tick!

Little moments make the day,

Swift they come, swift pass away;

Take them, use them, don’t delay,

 Tick, tick, tick, tick!”

PART II

A VERY STRANGE BATTLE

Irene sat at tea. Everything seemed out of place—the hearth untidy, the floor unswept, the chairs all in wrong places, everything so different from what it had been when Irene first came.

And suddenly Irene saw her fairy godmother standing before her, looking very cross indeed.

“How is this?” she demanded sternly. “You have not obeyed my commands.”

“I left things so that I could do them all at once,” stammered Irene.

“Left them to do all at once — you can do but one thing at a time, whenever you begin. Did they not ask to be done?”

“We did, we did,” the things shouted, “and she bade us keep silent.”

“So you want to do them all at once, idle girl? Have your wish. With this army of undone tasks you shall fight till all are conquered.” So saying the fairy disappeared again.

And now, oh, such a noise arose. Irene was frightened indeed. Shouts on all sides — “Hang me up,” “Put me away,” “Wash me,” “Sweep me,” “Dust me!” One and all, her tasks came crowding about her.

Poor Irene did not know which way to turn from her tormentors. The broom beat her, the cups flew at her head, the table and chairs pushed her.

At last the broom gave her a harder blow than before. She seized it and threw it against the wall. It chanced to catch on the very nail it ought to hang upon.

Immediately the broom said, "Thank you, mistress," and remained in its place.

Irene saw that she must put each thing where it belonged.

A dust cloth was flicking her face. Snatching it she dusted the table. Then she folded the duster and laid it away.

"Thank you, mistress," said the duster and table, and two more things were conquered.

Now Irene set to work in earnest. As each task was completed she heard the "Thank you, mistress," which told of one more foe conquered.



Never in all her life had she worked so hard. She kept straight on until the little home looked dainty and clean once more.

“Oh, dear!” sighed Irene, “I don’t want another evening like this as long as I live.”

“Then don’t have one, Irene,” ticked the clock, “don’t have one. Do each task as it comes, and then you will find that things go more pleasantly.”

“Thank you for your advice, clock,” answered Irene. “It’s very funny to hear you and the table and chairs talk. I suppose it is because you are all fairy furniture.”

“I suppose so,” ticked the clock.

“Well, I think I will go to bed now,” said Irene.

“Wind me up first, mistress,” cried the clock.

“Oh, yes, I forgot,” and Irene wound the clock.

“Mistress,” called a voice from the door, “please lock and bolt me.”

“And me too,” cried the window.

Irene obeyed. Then carefully putting out the light, she took her candle to go upstairs. As she did so she heard the pattering of many little feet.

Turning, Irene saw a number of the strangest little people in the world. They came jumping out of the clock.

Such tiny men they were, each dressed in doublet and hose of silver. Each had a tiny, pointed hood on his head, and tiny, pointed shoes on his feet.

Down they scrambled and stood in a long row around the room. Then one said :

“Well, brothers, what do you think of our new mistress?”

“Not much,” they cried.

“And why not?” he asked.

“She does not know how to use us,” they replied.

“Then let us teach her,” said he; and they began to sing:

“Irene peeping on the stair,
Irene with the golden hair,
Wondering who we may be,—
Fairies of this house you see.

“We are minutes of the day,
That so swiftly fly away;
One by one we come to you
With some little task to do.

“You must catch us ere we fly,
You can do it if you try;
Happy, then, the day will be,
And no trouble you shall see.

“Now to bed, and go to sleep,
We a faithful watch will keep,
Waken you when shines the sun,
And the cock crows, ‘Night is done.’”

“What funny little people they are,” thought Irene. “I will follow their advice and go to bed.”

at once." She went to her bedroom. Soon she was fast asleep.

PART III

IRENE OBEYS THE FAIRIES

Fair and fresh dawned the morning. The warm sunlight streamed in through the window. Irene awoke.

"Ah!" she sighed, stretching her arms lazily. "I think I will sleep just another half hour."

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, mistress, get up!" sang the clock from downstairs.

Irene sat up. Then she remembered all that had happened the day before. With a little shudder she sprang out of bed and dressed herself.

"I don't want another day like that, so I will try to do everything properly," she murmured.

She shook up the bed, and opened the windows wide. Then downstairs she went and set to work. To be sure, she sometimes forgot to put a

brush or a duster away. But they instantly called after her and so things went well.

When at last the fairy godmother returned, the cottage was as neat as a cottage should be. The snowy cloth was laid and tea quite ready.

“Ah!” cried the little woman as she entered, “this is as it should be. How have you managed it, Irene?”

“Sit down and have some tea, godmother, and I will tell you. I have just done one thing at a time.”

“And so you have found time to do them all.”

“Yes, godmother.”

“Now listen, Irene. You have learned one lesson, and I shall let you stay a whole week to see if you remember it.”

“Oh, godmother!” cried Irene, “may I not stay here always?”

“No, Irene.” she replied. “I want my cottage for other little girls who need to learn the les-

son you have been taught. At the end of a week I shall send you home, and we will see how you get on then. Now hold up your hand."

Irene did as the fairy said, and her godmother placed a strange looking ring on her finger.

"Every time you are idle this ring will prick you," said the fairy. "Do your best and you will conquer. When you can go for a whole week and not be pricked once, I shall know that you are quite cured."

You must not suppose that Irene found it all easy work. Many times she felt tempted to be idle, and many times the ring pricked her finger.

But she had made up her mind to try, and it was wonderful what a great deal she managed to do.

One evening Irene sat at her window thinking. It was the evening before her birthday. She was feeling very happy. For the first time a week had gone without the ring pricking her

once. Suddenly she saw her fairy godmother standing before her.

“Oh, godmother,” she cried in delight, “I am so glad to see you. What a long time you have stayed away! Have you come to be present at my party?”

“That is the very reason I have come,” replied the fairy. “You have learned your lesson bravely and well, and I am very pleased. Now tell me, Irene, are you not happier than you used to be?”

“Oh, yes, dear godmother, and I have you to thank. But for you I should still be an idle, good-for-nothing girl.”

Before the fairy went Irene returned the ring, saying, “Take it, and teach some other little girl the lesson I have learned.”

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its shining anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

— ALICE CARY.

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

GEORGE WEBBE DASENT

PART I

Once on a time there was an old widow who had one son, and as she was poorly and weak, her son had to go into the safe to fetch meal for cooking. When he got outside the safe, and was just going down the steps, there came the North Wind, puffing and blowing, caught up the meal, and so away with it through the air.

Then the lad went back into the safe for more ; but when he came out again on the steps, if the North Wind didn't come again and carry off the meal with a puff. More than that, he did so the third time.

At this the lad became very angry ; and as he thought it hard that the North Wind should behave so, he thought he'd just look him up and ask him to give back his meal.

So off he went, but the way was long. He walked and walked ; and at last he came to the North Wind's house.

“ Good-day ! ” said the lad, “ and thank you for coming to see us yesterday.”

“ Good-day ! ” answered the North Wind, and his voice was loud and gruff, “ and thanks for coming to see me. What do you want ? ”

“ Oh ! ” answered the lad, “ I only wished to ask you to be so good as to let me have back that meal you took from me on the safe steps, for we haven't much to live on ; and if you're to go snapping up the morsel we have, there'll be nothing for us but to starve.”

“ I haven't your meal,” said the North Wind ; “ but if you are in such need, I'll give you a cloth which will get you everything you want, if you only say, ‘ Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes ! ’ ”

With this the lad was well content. But the way was so long he couldn't get home in one

day, so he turned into an inn on the way ; and when they were going to sit down to supper, he laid the cloth on a table which stood in the corner, and said :

“ Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes.”

He had scarcely said so before the cloth did as it was bid. All who stood by thought it a fine thing, but most of all the landlady. So, when all were fast asleep, at dead of night, she took the lad’s cloth, and put another in its stead, just like the one he had got from the North Wind, but which couldn’t serve up so much as a bit of dry bread.

So, when the lad woke, he took his cloth, and went off with it. That day he came home to his mother.

“ Now,” said he, “ I’ve been to the North Wind’s house, and a good fellow he is, for he gave me this cloth. When I only say to it, ‘ Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes,’ I get any sort of food I please.”

“All very true, I dare say,” said his mother ; “but seeing is believing. I shall not believe it till I see it.”

So the lad made haste, drew out a table, laid the cloth on it, and said :

“Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes.”

But never a bit of dry bread did the cloth serve up.

“Well,” said the lad, “there’s no help for it but to go to the North Wind again,” and away he went.

PART II

He came to where the North Wind lived, late in the afternoon.

“Good evening !” said the lad.

“Good evening !” said the North Wind.

“I want my rights for that meal of ours which you took,” said the lad ; “for that cloth I got isn’t worth a penny.”

“I have no meal,” said the North Wind ; “but

yonder you have a ram which coins nothing but gold ducats as soon as you say to it, 'Ram, ram, make money ! ' "

So the lad thought this a fine thing. As it was too far to get home that day, he turned in for the night to the same inn where he had slept before.

Before he called for anything, he tried the truth of what the North Wind had said of the ram, and found it all right; but when the landlord saw that, he thought it was a famous ram, so when the lad had fallen asleep, he took another which couldn't coin gold ducats, and changed the two.

Next morning off went the lad. When he reached home, he said to his mother:

"After all, the North Wind is a jolly fellow; for now he has given me a ram which can coin golden ducats if I only say, 'Ram, ram, make money ! ' "

"All very true, I dare say," said his mother;



“but I shan’t believe any such stuff until I see the ducats made.”

“Ram, ram, make money!” said the lad; but the ram made no money.

So the lad went back to the North Wind, and said the ram was worth nothing, and that he must have his rights for the meal.

“Well,” said the North Wind, “I have nothing else to give you but that old stick in the corner yonder; but it’s a stick of this kind: if you say, ‘Stick, stick, lay on!’ it lays on till you say, ‘Stick, stick, now stop!’”

So, as the way was long, the lad turned in this night, too, to the landlord; but as he could pretty well guess how things stood as to the cloth and the ram, he lay down at once on the bench and began to snore, as if he were asleep.

Now the landlord, who easily saw that the stick must be worth something, hunted up one which was like it. When he heard the lad snore, he was going to change the two; but just

as the landlord was about to take it, the lad cried out:

“Stick, stick, lay on!”

So the stick began to beat the landlord, till he jumped over chairs, and tables, and benches, and yelled and roared:

“Oh my! oh my! bid the stick be still, else it will beat me to death. You shall have back both your cloth and your ram.”

When the lad thought the landlord had enough, he said:

“Stick, stick, now stop!”

Then he took the cloth and put it into his pocket, and went home with his stick in his hand, leading the ram by a cord round its horns. So he got his rights for the meal he had lost.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

ANNA M. PRATT

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward too;

But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,

Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.

"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame

To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),

And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew

The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,

Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud !

But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."

For I thought of my doll and — sakes alive ! — I answered "Mary Ann ! "

I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME

G. LINNÆUS BANKS

I live for those who love me,

For those who know me true,

For the heavens that bend above me

And the good that I can do ;

For the cause that needs assistance,

For the wrongs that lack resistance,

For the future in the distance

And the good that I can do.

WORK AND SORROW

JAMES BALDWIN

In the autumn, just after Abraham Lincoln was eight years old, his parents left their Kentucky home and moved to Spencer County, in Indiana.

It was not yet a year since Indiana had become a state. Land could be bought very cheap, and Mr. Lincoln thought that he could make a good living for his family. He had heard also that game was plentiful in the Indiana woods.

It was not more than seventy or eighty miles from the old home to the new. But it seemed very far indeed, and it was a good many days before the slow-moving wagon reached its journey's end. Over a part of the way there was no road, and the movers had to cut a path for themselves through the thick woods.

The boy, Abraham, was tall and very strong for his age. He already knew how to handle an axe, and few men could shoot with a rifle better than he. He was his father's helper in all kinds of work.

It was in November when the family came to the place which was to be their future home. Winter was near at hand. There was no house, nor shelter of any kind. What would become of the patient, tired mother, and the gentle little sister, who had borne themselves so bravely during the long, hard journey?

No sooner had the horses been loosed from the wagon than Abraham and his father were at work with their axes. In a short time they had built what they called a "camp."

This camp was but a rude shed, made of poles and thatched with leaves and branches. It was enclosed on three sides, so that the chill winds or the driving rains from the north and west could not enter. The fourth

side was left open, and in front of it a fire was built.

This fire was kept burning all the time. It warmed the interior of the camp. A big iron kettle was hung over it by means of a chain and pole, and in this kettle the fat bacon, the venison, the beans, and the corn were boiled for the family's dinner and supper. In the hot ashes the good mother baked luscious "corn dodgers," and sometimes, perhaps, a few potatoes.

In one end of the camp were the few cooking utensils and little articles of furniture which even the poorest house can not do without. The rest of the space was the family sitting-room and bedroom. The floor was covered with leaves, and on these were spread the furry skins of deer and bears, and other animals.

It was in this camp that the family spent their first winter in Indiana. How very cold and dreary that winter must have been! Think of the stormy nights, of the shrieking wind,

of the snow and the sleet and the bitter frost! It is not much wonder if, before the spring months came, the mother's strength began to fail.

But it was a busy winter for Thomas Lincoln. Every day his axe was heard in the woods. He was clearing the ground, so that in the spring it might be planted with corn and vegetables.

He was hewing logs for his new house; for he had made up his mind, now, to have something better than a cabin.

The woods were full of wild animals. It was easy for Abraham and his father to kill plenty of game, and thus keep the family supplied with fresh meat.

And Abraham, with chopping and hewing and hunting and trapping, was very busy for a little boy. He had but little time to play; and, since he had no playmates, we can not know whether he even wanted to play.

With his mother, he read over and over the

Bible stories which both of them loved so well. And, during the cold, stormy days, when he could not leave the camp, his mother taught him how to write.

In the spring the new house was raised. It was only a hewed house, with one room below and a loft above. But it was so much better than the old cabin in Kentucky that it seemed like a palace.

The family had become so tired of living in the "camp," that they moved into the new house before the floor was laid, or any door hung at the doorway.

Then came the ploughing and the planting and the hoeing. Everybody was busy from daylight to dark.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky :

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off !

The colors before us fly ;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State :
Weary marches and sinking ships ;
Cheers of victory on dying lips ;



Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,— all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

A HANDFUL OF CLAY

HENRY VAN DYKE

There was once a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was common, coarse, heavy clay. But the handful of clay had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of filling some great place in the world.

Overhead, in the warm spring sunshine, the trees were waving their long arms. They were no longer bare and brown, but clothed in garments of delicate green. Together they whispered of the glory which the coming of spring had brought to them.

From the dark brown earth the flowers sprang up. They looked at each other in surprise. Bowing gently, as the wind passed by, they said to one another: "How beautiful you have become! The day is brighter because you are here."

The river shook off the icy fetters which had held it. Glad to be free, it murmured sweet music to the shores. It sang of its swift flight from snow-clad mountains. It sang of the mighty work to which it was hurrying,—the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

And the clay, lying in its bed, heard the whisperings of the trees, the greetings of the flowers, and the music of the river.

“My time will come,” it said. “I was not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honor are for me also, but the time has not come yet.”

Then came a day when the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. It was lifted and tossed into a cart with other lumps of clay. It was jolted over rough and stony roads.

“This is necessary,” said the clay. “The path to glory is always rugged.”

At last, the jolting over rough and stony roads came to an end. But worse things were in store for the poor lump of clay. It was put into a great trough, and mixed and beaten, and stirred and trampled.

“This is dreadful,” thought the clay; “but surely something very fine and noble must be coming out of all this trouble.”

Then the clay was put upon a swiftly moving wheel. The wheel whirled until the clay thought, “Surely, I must fly into a thousand pieces.”

But a strange power held it, pressed it, and moulded it. Though dizzy, and filled with pain, the clay felt that it was taking a new form.

It was taken from the swiftly moving wheel and put into an oven. Great fires were kindled about it. The clay had never before felt such fierce heat.

But it held itself together, thinking: “Surely, I am to be something very splendid, since so much trouble has been taken for me. Perhaps I shall be a beautiful vase for the table of a king.”

The baking was finished. The clay was taken from the oven. It was set upon a board, out in the cool air, under the blue sky.

Close beside the board was a pool of clear water. There, in that little pool of water, the clay saw reflected its new shape,—a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly.

The clay, murmuring against its maker, said, “Why hast thou made me thus?” It became unhappy, and sullen, and discontented.

A day came when it was filled with earth. Something rough and brown and dead-looking was put into the earth, and covered over.

“Now I am filled with dirt and rubbish. This is the worst that has happened to me,” thought the clay. “Surely, I am a failure.”

Presently it was set in a greenhouse. The sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was sprinkled over it. Day by day, as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was

stirring at its heart—a new hope. It knew not what it meant, but waited patiently.

There came a day when it was taken from the greenhouse. It was carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. Glorious music flowed over it. Beautiful flowers surrounded it. Still the clay could not understand.

It whispered to another vessel of clay like itself, "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?"

And the other vessel of clay answered: "Do you not know? You are carrying the King's lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and their hearts like pure gold. The people rejoice to see this beautiful flower, whose root is in your heart."

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker. Though only an earthen vessel, beauty had sprung from its heart, and honor and glory had come to it at last.

Adapted from The Blue Flower.



WALDEMAR'S VISIT

MINNIE T. VARNEY

Waldemar had two grandfathers. One of his grandfathers lived in Germany, and the other one in France.

But Waldemar himself was an American boy. He was born in the United States, in the city of Chicago. When his father died, he and his mother moved to Boston. There Waldemar attended school.

One day he came to his teacher, saying: "I am going away. I shall not be here after this week."

At once Waldemar's teacher looked sorry. He

was such a dear boy, always merry and manly. His happy face was like sunshine itself. Besides, he was one of her best pupils.

“Where are you going, Waldemar?” the teacher asked.

“To Germany,” replied Waldemar. “I am going for two years to stay with my grandfather there.”

“For two years!” exclaimed his teacher. “Why, in that time you will forget that you are an American boy.”

“No, no,” answered Waldemar, glancing at the flag over his teacher’s desk.

Seeing the earnest expression on the boy’s face, his teacher knew that Waldemar would not soon forget the stars and stripes.

All the children became interested in Waldemar.

“Do you go on the train?” one boy asked.

Waldemar smiled.

Another boy exclaimed: “In third grade, and don’t know how to go to Germany! Ha! ha!”

“ Well,” said the boy, “ we don’t study geography.”

“ Everything is not learned from books,” said the teacher. “ Some people keep their ears open. How many of our boys do know how to get to Germany? ”

Most of the boys knew.

“ Go to New York, or Boston,” they said, “ then go down to the wharf. There you take a boat, oh, such a big boat! It is just like a house. It has parlors and dining-rooms, and places to sleep.”

“ Places to sleep! ” exclaimed some one. “ How long does it take to go to Germany? ”

“ The fastest boats go in nine days, but I am going on a slow boat,” said Waldemar. “ It will probably take us fourteen days.”

“ Are you going all alone, Waldemar? ” asked a timid, golden-haired little girl, her eyes filled with wonder.

“ No, mother is going, too,” answered Waldemar, “ but she will come back in the fall.”

Friday came, Waldemar's last day. He said to his teacher, "I will write to you when I get to my grandfather's."

"That will be fine," answered his teacher; "I shall be watching for the letter." She gave him a card bearing her name and address. "If you lose this," she said, "send your letter to the school."

Waldemar said good-by to all, and was gone. He was missed by all, for everybody liked him. Day after day the children spoke of him. Each day the teacher put a mark on the calendar. "We will mark the days that Waldemar is on the ocean," she said.

Fourteen days had gone by before the teacher said, "Now Waldemar is there."

"He must be glad," some one said. "Just think of seeing nothing but water for so many days!"

"You know there is the sky, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars, too," said the teacher.

“Oh!” The children had forgotten those things. “Will Waldemar see the sun and moon and stars, just as we do?”

“Just as we do, but not at the same time,” replied the teacher.

“Oh,” said one little girl, “we can look at the moon, and the moon can look at Waldemar. Isn’t that lovely?”

That night many of the children did look at the moon, and thought of Waldemar. They said, “Oh, moon, give my love to Waldemar when you see him.” Some threw kisses at the moon, and called, “Those are for Waldemar, moon.”

And the moon smiled, and sailed away. Soon it was looking down on Waldemar. I wonder if he knew what loving messages the moon was sending him?

At any rate, the very next day he sat down and wrote a letter. That letter travelled all the way across the ocean. One day the postman handed it to Waldemar’s teacher.

She opened the letter. Out tumbled a bunch of dear little blue forget-me-nots. "Indeed I shall not forget Waldemar," she thought. "How sweet of him to think of sending them!"

She read : —

Dear friend :

We arrived safely. I am having such good times now. My grandfather lives on a big farm. There are horses and dogs, cows, hens, ducks, and chickens here.

Everybody speaks German. At first I couldn't understand what any one was saying, but now I can. Grandfather says that soon I shall speak German as well as I do English. He has given me such a funny little German reading book. Even the letters are different from the English.

Just before Easter every one was talking about the Easter Hare. I did not know what they meant, but now I do.

The day before Easter we made little nests

of moss and twigs. Then we hid the nests in the garden, under bushes, or in trees, or anywhere.

On Easter morning we all went out bright and early to see what the good little Easter Hare had brought.

We found such pretty eggs in our nests,— eggs of all sizes and colors; red eggs, blue eggs, and yellow eggs; eggs made of chocolate and candy, and glass eggs with a tiny rabbit inside; and boxes, shaped like eggs, filled with candy and pretty gifts.

It was great fun finding the eggs, and I asked grandfather where they came from.

He laughed, and said, “Why, the Easter Hare brought them, of course.”

Please give my love to all the boys and girls in school, and ask them to write to me.

Your loving friend,
Waldemar.



THREE BUGS

ALICE CARY

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for *two* !
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.

The space was small, no doubt, for all ;
But what should *three* bugs do ?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two ;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you ;

So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarrelling—
The white, and black, and the gold;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And *one* was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was *war* in the basket,
Ah, pity, 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved at last,
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from *both* of the bugs,
And killed and *ate* them too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree—
The white, and the black, and the gold--
And share what comes of the beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold!

HIGH AND LOW

JOHN B. TABB

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper
Lived once in the Cobbler's row;
But the Boot and the Shoe
Would have nothing to do
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their daughter
On the Cobbler chanced to call;
And as neither the Boot
Nor the Shoe would suit
The Slipper went off to the ball.

YELLOW WING

Yellow Wing was born on Easter Monday. When she opened her eyes and shook her dainty wings,—for she was a butterfly, you know,—she saw many beautiful things.

The fresh, green grass was waking up and pushing its little spears through the brown earth. Tulips, hyacinths, and the white and purple crocus flowers were showing their pretty colors to the sun. The tall trees swung their tassels in the wind or waved their little green-tipped branches, with the new leaves just peeping out of their winter cradles.

Yellow Wing danced and fluttered with delight. Suddenly something blue flashed before her and she heard the sweetest music. It was Spring's first bluebird, and Yellow Wing had never seen or heard anything so wonderful.

Just then a strange thing happened. Yellow Wing raised herself as high as she could, to see the bluebird again. She stretched and stretched and stretched, and was about to fall, when she found that her wings could save her and keep her flying in the air.

Oh, how happy she was! Away she flew after the bluebird, as fast as she could go. But the bluebird was soon out of sight.

Then Yellow Wing saw another butterfly. It had white wings and was sipping some sweet juice from a blue hyacinth bell. It looked like a flower with wings. Yellow Wing flew down to the flower-bed. Still another thing happened.

She unrolled the long, sucking tube which was curled up in the front of her head. Down, down into the flower it went, until it reached some sweet juice which the flowers keep for the butterflies and bees.

Yellow Wing began to suck up the sweet juice, eating her first breakfast.

A FAIRY STORY

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

This is what a fairy heard;
Listening beside a stream,—
Water talking in its dream.
That is what I call absurd.

This is what the water said:
“When I grow up big, I’ll be
Like the river or the sea.”
And the fairy shook her head.

Then she went upon her way
Far across the hills and vales
And she heard so many tales
She forgot the dream one day.

But, at last, spread out to view,
Lay the ocean; then, once more,
She heard water on the shore
Whisper: “I remember you.

“Once I was a tiny drop
Dreaming in a meadow-brook.
I was little then; but look, —
Now I’ve grown enough to stop!”

FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers — so beautiful —
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came),
And standing at its Father’s feet,
And gazing in His face —
It said in low and trembling tones,
With sweet and gentle grace,
“Dear God, the name thou gavest me
Alas! I have forgot.”
Then kindly looked the Father down,
And said, “Forget-me-not.”

HOMES OF THE PILGRIMS

For some time the Pilgrims had coasted up and down the rocky shore, looking for the most suitable spot for a home. When the place was chosen, the men went ashore to begin the work of building their houses. While they worked on the land, the women and children stayed on the *Mayflower*, longing for the time when they could go ashore and help in the home making. The Pilgrims built only seven houses during the first winter.

From the forest the men gathered rough logs, which were piled one upon another, forming a hut very much like the log cabins we see in pictures. There were a great many chinks through which the cold winds, rain, and snow could come. Mud, mixed with straw, was used to fill these cracks. Glass was not as common in those days as it is now, so in

place of it oiled paper was used in the windows; these window-panes let in some light, but no one could see through them. The door,



fastened with a large wooden latch, was strong and stout enough to keep the Indians from coming into the house.

Instead of having many rooms, as we have in our houses, they had one main room, a bedroom, and sometimes a spare room. In the

main room was the big fireplace, in which all cooking was done, the large oak table, the chairs, the settle, and the spinning-table.

Furniture brought over from England was costly; so many of the Pilgrims made their own furniture from rough boards cut from the trees in the forest. The fireplace was really the most important part of the house, for here it was that all the cooking was done, and that the family gathered in the evening to feel its warmth and to talk over the happenings of the day.

Carpets were not used in these simple Pilgrim homes. The housewives knew how to scrub the floor until it shone, then to scatter white sand upon it, forming fancy patterns.

It was the duty of the mothers to spin the wool, from which the clothes were made, to do the cooking, and such house work as was necessary. The dresser contained the pots, platters, and dishes, which had to be kept looking bright.

During this first hard, cold winter many of the little company died from starvation or disease. Still these sturdy Pilgrims were not sorry for what they had done, but instead continually thanked God for the blessings he had given them.

THE BETTER WAY

If anything unkind you hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat
When you that some one chance to meet,
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Make haste — to make great haste 'twere well,
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

WHEN THE DOGWOOD BLOOMS

ALICE LOUNSBERRY

There is one flower in the woods which every one must see. It is the dogwood, a large white blossom that comes on shrubs or small trees. Now that it is in bloom the woods look gayer than if they were going to a party. These blossoms can be seen from a long way off, and no one could help thinking that they made the country beautiful, even if he didn't love flowers.

Philip Todd has grown to love the dogwood, just as much as he does his pets. He went out yesterday to hunt for wild flowers with Sallie and me. Tommy had gone away by himself some time before we started. We passed ever so many people coming away from our woods, and every one of them had bunches of dogwood in his arms.

Grandmother is very much displeased with the

people who break off large branches from the trees. She says they are thoughtless, and have no knowledge of the harm they are doing. Most of them also throw the branches away before they reach their homes, as the flowers fade quickly. Grandmother thinks it will only be after they have truly learned to know flowers and to love them that they will stop being so cruel.

Philip Todd doesn't care sometimes how he treats flowers, and he carries such a large jack-knife in his pocket that there's little he can't get. But we have all noticed that he treats the dogwood with great respect.

"It's this way," he said. "I once had enough of cutting dogwood to last me my whole life. It was last summer when I strayed into Uncle Hiram's woods."

I began to listen very sharply, for he is the queer neighbor whom nobody likes, and yet everybody calls him Uncle Hiram.

Philip went on: "I climbed right up one of his dogwood trees, took out my jack-knife, and had cut off three big branches when I heard a great, gruff voice calling out to me. I knew it must belong to Uncle Hiram. Before I could get down and run, he was under the tree, and held up in the air a monstrous shining saw. It was the biggest saw in the whole world.

"'Come down from there,' Uncle Hiram called. 'Come down and let me saw your arms off; it's a good thing for such young chaps as you to know how it feels to be without a limb or two.'

"I wasn't frightened, of course, only I thought it best to stay up in the very top of that tree. It was more than half a day before I came down, and when I did, I had promised Uncle Hiram never to cut off a dogwood limb again as long as I lived. Uncle Hiram knows I mean to keep my word, and he talks with me sometimes now. He says I'll make a more useful man than if he had taken my arms off that day."

A BOY'S SONG

JAMES HOGG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little, sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JUST A LITTLE

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow;
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom at a burst;
Slowly, slowly at the first,
That's the way,
Just a little every day.

THE BOASTING BAMBOO

FLORENCE PELTIER

Once upon a time a poet lay on a bank that was purple with iris flowers. The sky was blue overhead, and in one place it seemed pierced by the silvery top of Fujiyama—that sacred mountain where dwells the goddess who causes the flowers to bloom.

The iris flowers whispered to him, and this is what they told him :

One day there flew to us a great green cicada, who told us all about Silver Mist, and brought to us this message :

I have learned the folly of boasting. Last night there was a frightful storm ; the angry waves lashed one another into white foam, and Lady Moon could lay no silver path over the water. Higher and higher mounted the waves, and into the great hollows between them the ships fell and were crushed to bits.

In the morning the beach was strewn with pieces of wrecks. Among them was a great mast that now lies blackening in the sun's rays. And as I gazed at it I saw that the mast was the one made from the bamboo that grew beside me in my old home; and it knew me, and moaned, "O that I had been a coolie pole!"

Ah! that was news indeed to us, and it took us all away back to the time when Silver Mist was a graceful little tree that feared the great storms and moaned when the wind made her bow to the ground. Near by her, in those days, grew a straight, sturdy, stiff bamboo. He laughed at the little tree, and said, scornfully:

"How different we are! I am so straight and strong and big, and you—you bend with every breeze!"

Then the little tree answered:

"Yes, I am only fit to be used to deck the houses at New Year's time; but you may become something of greater importance—perhaps a

corner beam in a house or a coolie pole to be used in pushing a boat through the water."

Then the great bamboo laughed in scorn. Ah! we were there; we heard him as he said:

"Indeed! Never was I intended for such low purposes. No, I shall be the mast of a junk, and from me will swell out the great wing of the boat that I will make fly over the ocean.

"How I long for that time—to get away from this stupid place filled with silly flowers, and with no companion but you, you poor, weak, little tree. Then I will be with my own sort, and brave company,—the sea and the wind.

"You place high value on yourself to fancy you are graceful enough to be wanted for the New Year's display. It's far more likely you'll be burnt up heating water for baths, or you'll be made into mats to be trodden under foot, or even into a peasant's rain coat. There will be nothing too low for you."

But the gentle bamboo did not reply. So, time

went on, the big bamboo growing stronger and sturdier, the little bamboo, prettier and more graceful. One day some woodmen came to the forest, and exclaimed, as they saw the big bamboo :

“ What a splendid tree — just the thing for a mast ! ”

“ Ah, ha ! ” exclaimed the proud tree, “ now I shall enjoy life ; now I shall see the world and take my proper place in it. Good-by, you silly, little, good-for-nothing bamboo, good-by.”

The woodmen cut him down, trimmed him, and carried him away — and that was the last we heard of him until the cicada brought us the message from the Silver Mist. We feel sure that by this time he has been chopped up and used for heating baths.

THE ARBUTUS

LENORE ELIZABETH MULETS

The postman rang the bell earlier than usual that morning. To Phyllis he handed a good-sized box well wrapped in brown paper.

“It’s from Auntie Nan!” cried Phyllis, in frantic haste to cut the string. “It’s from Auntie Nan! I know her writing! What can it be?”

By this time the string was unfastened, and the brown paper torn off. Phyllis slipped the cover.

“Oh!” she said, as though her breath were quite taken away.

“Oh!” and her pink little face was buried in the box. “Oh, where did you come from?”

The pink, pink bloom of the arbutus smiled up at her, and the delicious fragrance filled the whole room.

There were great masses of the small, fragrant

blossoms. Phyllis happily lifted them from their box, and filled a big glass bowl with them. This she placed on the table in the dining-room. Their sweetness greeted all as they entered the room.

In the bottom of the box was tucked a note from Auntie Nan. It was directed to Phyllis. Would you like to read the letter?

Dear little Spring Blossom: Here are some of your little sisters come to keep your birthday with you. I know you will be glad to welcome them, especially when I tell you that I found them huddled snugly under some brown leaves and half covered with snow.

“We are Phyllis’s birthday blossoms,” they seemed to say, as I brushed away the leaves and the snow, and they looked bravely out.

So I gathered every one I could find; and I send them to you, little girl, because they make me think of a certain sweet little pink and white baby your mamma sent for me to come and see just eight years ago.

Are you not glad that you, too, are a little Mayflower, and that your birthday comes on the very first day?

You know, your friend, the poet Whittier, calls these little wild wood flowers which I am sending "The first sweet smiles of May."

Did I say these flowers grew out on the hill among the pines where you played last summer? They tell me that the arbutus is particularly fond of pine woods and light sandy soil.

Do you not call them brave to peep forth so very early? But, you see, they were really very well protected by their own heart-shaped leaves, which kept alive and green all winter just for the sake of those blossoms which were to come.

I think it is no wonder that the Pilgrims, after that first hard, hard winter, were so happy to welcome this little messenger of spring. They called it the Mayflower.

The flower still grows in its lovely sweetness all about the hills of Plymouth.

Are you not glad that I call them your flowers,
Phyllis? Are you not glad that to us, you, too,
are one of "the first sweet smiles of May"?

Wishing that all Mayflowers may bloom more
and more sweetly as the seasons go, I am,

Your loving

AUNTIE NAN.



THE BLUEBIRD

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! The skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! How the music leaps out from his
throat.

Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying.

“Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and spring-time is here.

“Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;

Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils, daffodils, say, do you hear ?
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here."

ONLY ONE

GEORGE COOPER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky ;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together ;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by ;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn ;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover ;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn ;
But only one mother the wide world over.

THE MUD-WASP'S HOME

STELLA LOUISE HOOK

In Mexico and in some far-away parts of our own country, houses and whole cities are built of mud, which hardens in the sun. They call it adobe, and travellers look upon the houses made of it with great curiosity.

But they might see many such houses at home, only much smaller. They are made by the little blue mud-wasp. Sometimes she will come right into your room and build her house in the corner before your very eyes.

She comes in the window with her load — a bit of mud — and placing it on the wall, smooths and pats it with her mouth and feet, till she has laid a nice foundation, and then she goes out again for more.

As she must go to the garden to scrape her load together, it takes her several minutes, but

she comes flying back and plasters it on. When three or four trips have been made, you can see quite a little patch on the wall. She scarcely stops to rest, but keeps coming and going, putting layer after layer of mud on her foundation, and slowly building up a nice little room.

Inside of this room the mother wasp has laid an egg, and now we know what she has been working for. The house is for her children, and she must make it comfortable for them.

When they come out of the eggs, they will be hungry, so she must provide food for them.

Perhaps she will find a fly or a spider. She will drag him along to the little mud-house, and wall him up with the egg.

Then the mother goes away, and you will see her no more. But if you watch the little adobe house in the corner, you will see the young mud-wasp come out through a neat round hole in its side. Then he will fly away from his mud-house, never to return.



AGREED TO DISAGREE

SYDNEY DAYRE

A mouse, a cricket, a bumblebee,
Started out in the sweet spring weather.

“Let’s all agree,”

Said the bumblebee,

“To build us a house and live together.”

“I’m willing to try,”

Said the cricket spry.

Said dear little mousie, “So am I.”

“Under the porch, away down low,”
The cricket chirruped in rare delight,

“Is the place, I know,

For us to go;

There’s not the tiniest ray of light!

“ We'll hide away
From the dazzling day,
And chirrup and buzz and squeak all night.”
Said the mouse, “ O dear,
I fear, I fear
Such a place would be so dark and drear ! ”

“ Away, 'way up in the elm tree high,”
Said the bumblebee, “ is a cosey nook,
In the early light
Of the morning bright
A royal place. Let us go and look.”
Said the cricket, “ Why
As I cannot fly,
I never could think of going so high.”

Said the Mistress Mouse, “ The finest spot
Is out in the field of growing wheat;
We'll build a dot
Of a nest— why not?—
Convenient, cosey, and snug and sweet.”

Said the bumblebee,
"Dear me, dear me!
Such a house would never do for three."

Well, Mistress Mouse
Built a wee, wee house,
And cuddled under the sun-warmed hay.
The bumblebee
From his hole in the tree
Buzzed and hummed through the sunny day.
While the cricket stole
To the darkest hole
And chirruped till morning's earliest ray.
And though they could never live together,
All rejoiced in the sweet spring weather.

DUNBAR'S PRIZE

ELLA GIVEN

Dunbar lives on a farm in Maryland. One day he came running into the house, waving a newspaper.

“Look, Grandpa,” he cried, and he pointed to a notice which said,

AUDUBON SOCIETY

The Audubon Society will give a prize of five Bird Books to the boy or girl who will get the greatest number of martins to nest near his home.

“I am going to try to win it, Grandpa. Will you help me?”

Grandpa was eighty years old, and Dunbar was only eight. But the old man was glad to help the little boy.

“Why do they offer the prize?” he asked.

“The paper says that very few of the martins

nest in this part of the country. They are good birds to have near the house, because they keep off the hawks and protect the chickens."

This was in the winter-time, but grandfather and Dunbar started to work at once. The fall before there had been a great many gourds on the vines in the garden. These gourds had not been used, so they were still in the barn.

"Dunbar," said grandfather, "I think the gourds would make good homes for the martins. Let us try them."

So the two worked hard all the long winter evenings to get the houses ready before the birds came back. But they had a great deal of fun with all the hard work.

First they made a hole in each gourd, just large enough for a martin to enter. Then they dug all the inside of the gourd out, leaving a nice room, large enough for a good sized martin family. You and I might have thought it rather a dark room, for there were no windows, only the

front door. But martins do not care for windows in their houses.

Through the narrow part of the gourd, a very small hole was made. A very strong piece of twine was run through this hole to hold it to the post.

Grandfather and Dunbar made a great many of these strange bird houses. By the time the last one was finished, the March winds were beginning to blow.

"We must put up our bird houses soon," said grandfather, as he came in one mild day.

"All right," answered Dunbar, joyfully, "I'm ready." So the next day they set to work.

First they got a tall, strong pole. On this they nailed a number of cross pieces. It looked very much like a telegraph pole when it was done. Then they fastened the gourds by tying them to the cross pieces. They tied the twine very tightly, so the wind could not blow them down.

Grandfather and Dunbar were not strong enough to set the pole up, so father had to help.

First he dug a deep hole in the ground. Then they put the pole in far enough to make it stand firm and straight.

They all laughed when it was finished. The gourds looked so funny at the top of the tall pole.

Then Dunbar and grandfather began to watch for the martins. Each warm day they sat on the front porch, and said, "They must surely come to-day."

And at last they came. The first pair flew around the gourds, calling softly to each other. Dunbar thought they were wondering whether this queer house would really suit them. How delighted he and grandfather were when they settled down and decided to stay.

Soon others came, and before the summer was over, forty pairs of martins had made their homes in Dunbar's gourds.

Day after day he counted them, with grandfather's help, and at last he sent a letter to the people in the city, who had offered the

prize. In the letter he told how he and grandfather had made the martins welcome to their farm.

One day Dunbar's father came home from the post-office. He had a letter and a package, both addressed to "Master Dunbar White."

Dunbar could hardly wait to open them. The letter told him that he had won the prize for having the greatest number of martins. Then they opened the package and found the books. They had many pictures and stories about birds.

How Dunbar and grandfather enjoyed those books! The easy ones Dunbar read to grandfather, but the hard ones, with the long words, grandfather read to Dunbar.

"The books are beautiful," said Dunbar one evening, "but even if I had not won the prize, I should have had the fun of watching the birds. After this, I shall make bird houses every year."

"And I'll help you," said dear old grandfather, nodding drowsily in the big arm-chair near the fire.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled :
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.
Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

“ I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because,” — the brown eyes lower fell, —
“ Because, you see, I love you ! ”

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

Little things light on the lines of our lives;
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord con-
trives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say,
But from end to end His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way.

—A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE STORY OF FIDO

ANDREW LANG

Fido's master had to go a long journey across the country to a certain town, and he was carrying with him large bags of gold to deposit at the bank there. These bags he carried on his saddle, for he was riding, as in those days there were no trains, and he had to travel as quickly as he could.

Fido scampered cheerfully along at his horse's heels, and every now and then the man would call out to her, and Fido would wag her tail and bark back an answer.

The sun was hot and the road dusty, and poor Fido's legs grew more and more tired. At last they came to a cool, shady wood, and the master stopped, dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree and took his heavy saddle-bags from the saddle.

He laid them down very carefully, and pointing to them, said to Fido, "Watch them."

Then he drew his cloak about him, lay down with his head on the bags, and soon was fast asleep.

Little Fido curled herself up close to her master's head, with her nose over one end of the bags, and went to sleep too. But she did not sleep very soundly, for her master had told her to watch, and every few moments she would open her eyes and prick up her ears, in case any one was coming.

Her master was tired and slept soundly and long—much longer than he had intended. At last he was awakened by Fido's licking his face. The dog saw that the sun was nearly setting, and knew that it was time for her master to go on his journey.

The man patted Fido and then jumped up, much troubled to find he had slept so long. He snatched up his cloak, threw it over his horse,

untied the bridle, sprang into the saddle, and calling Fido, started off in great haste. But Fido did not seem ready to follow him. She ran after the horse and bit at his heels, and then ran back again to the woods, all the time barking furiously. This she did several times, but her master had no time to heed her and galloped away, thinking she would follow him.

At last the little dog sat down by the roadside, and looked sorrowfully after her master, until he had turned a bend in the road. When he was no longer in sight, she sprang up with a wild bark, and ran after him again. She overtook him just as he had stopped to water his horse at a brook that flowed across the road. She stood beside the brook and barked so savagely that her master rode back and called her to him; but instead of coming, she darted off down the road still barking.

Her master did not know what to think, and began to fear that his dog was going mad. Mad dogs are afraid of water, and act in a strange way



when they see it. While the man was thinking of this, Fido came running back again, and dashed at him furiously. She leapt at the legs of his horse, and even jumped up and bit the toe of her master's boot. Then she ran down the road again, barking with all her might.

Her master was now sure that she was mad, and taking out his pistol, he shot her. He rode away quickly, for he loved her dearly and could not bear to see her die.

He had not ridden very far when he stopped suddenly. He felt under his cloak for his saddle-bags. They were not there !

Could he have dropped them, or had he left them behind in the woods where he had rested ? He felt sure they must be in the woods, for he could not remember having picked them up or fastening them to his saddle. He turned his horse and rode back again as hard as he could.

When he came to the brook, he sighed and said, "Poor Fido!" but though he looked about,

he could see nothing of her. When he crossed the brook, he saw some drops of blood on the ground, and all along the road he still saw drops of blood. Tears came into his eyes, and he felt very sad and guilty, for now he understood why little Fido had acted so strangely. She knew that her master had left behind his precious bags of gold, and so she had tried to tell him in the only way she could.

All the way to the wood lay the drops of blood. At last he reached the wood, and there, all safe, lay the bags of gold, and beside them, with her little nose lying over one end of them, lay faithful Fido, who, you will be pleased to hear, recovered from her wound, and lived to a great age.

THE SERVANT OF ALL

ANNIE AND E. KEARY

I

“Carl,” said his master, “you have been my faithful swineherd these three years, and as yet I have given you nothing; go and sell the half of my herd in the town that lies at the other side of the forest, and the money shall be yours.”

“Mine, my own!” said Carl to himself, as he drove the swine before him into the wood.

“Your own, Carl,” said a voice close to his ear. Carl turned and saw that an old man was walking beside him, with a book in his hand. Carl peeped over the old man’s shoulder, and tried to read what was written in the book, but he could not make out much, for the letters were very curiously shaped.

“Trying to peep into my book, I see,” said the old man.

“Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon!” said Carl.

“No offence, I assure you,” answered the other; “sit down by me, and you shall read as much as you like.”

Carl’s pigs were busy picking up chestnuts just then, so Carl sat by the old man, and looked into his book.

“It is curious, but not interesting,” said Carl, for it was only a list of names.

“Do you see nothing that interests you?” asked his companion.

“I see one thing,” said Carl; “one of the names is written in gilt letters; what is that for?”

“That name is the name of a king,” answered the old man, shutting his book.

“And what is a king?” asked Carl. “I have never seen one, though I have been a swineherd these three years, and walked about a good deal.”

“You may see one this evening, however,” answered the old man, “for the people of yonder

city to which you are going expect to find a king to-day; they have been looking out for one a long time. The throne is standing ready in the market-place, the crown rests before it on a crimson cushion, and all the people are waiting to bow down. They quite think the king will come to-day, and this time, I believe, they will not be disappointed."

"I will walk on then," said Carl, "for certainly I should like to see him." So Carl walked on after his pigs, and left the old man sitting there.

II

Presently Carl overtook a thin, miserable-looking donkey, who was trying in vain to drag after him a cartload of wood.

"Good Master Carl," said the donkey, "will you not take pity on an unfortunate creature, and help me on with this load a little way? I am so tired, I shall never reach my master's cottage."

“Never despair, my good friend,” said Carl, as he placed himself behind the cart, and began to push it vigorously along. But this was very hard work, so by and by he said to the donkey, “That will do now, I think; you can go your way, and I will go mine.”

“But I can’t go my way,” said the donkey, standing stock still and beginning to bray.

“Now, I really think you are a little unreasonable,” said Carl. “Look what a long distance I have pushed your cart for you, and I positively must run after my pigs now.”

But the donkey went on braying; there is no doubt he *was* very unreasonable.

“But that does not signify,” said Carl to himself; “he can’t help being a donkey, and I dare say he is very tired.” So Carl went on pushing the cart for him, until they came to his master’s cabin.

“Thank you, thank you, good Master Carl,” said the donkey, with tears in his eyes.

“Good-by,” said Carl, as he ran after his pigs. They had found a bed of acorns, and were making a capital dinner. “So I think I may as well eat mine,” said Carl, as he sat down, and pulled his bread and cheese out of his pocket.

“Master Carl,” said a little voice at his elbow, and Carl saw a rabbit sitting beside him.

“Now, little rabbit,” said Carl, “I do hope you’re not going to say, ‘Carl, give me some bread and cheese,’ for indeed I am very hungry, and there’s not nearly enough for us both.”

“Then I must go without my dinner,” remarked the little rabbit.

“That’s altogether ridiculous,” answered Carl. “Don’t you see how many dandelions there are all about under the trees?”

“But it’s so unwholesome living entirely on green food,” said the rabbit; “it gives me the

heart-burn, I assure you, and I'm particularly ordered to eat bread and cheese."

"Very well, then," answered Carl, "you shall eat bread and cheese"; and he fed the little rabbit out of his hand, and only kept a very little piece for himself.

"I am so much obliged to you," said the rabbit, when she got up to go away.

"Well, really I think you ought to be," answered Carl, "for I am very hungry yet." But the pigs were moving again, and Carl walked after them.

III

On the pigs went, through the wood, grunting, and Carl after them. But suddenly Carl stopped. He saw some one sitting under a tree: it was a beggar, all in rags, looking so miserable it would have made your heart ache to look at him.

Carl went up to the beggar and said, "I am very sorry for you. Can I do anything?"

“God bless you, my dear little master!” answered the beggar. “Look how sore my feet are, from walking so long upon the stony ground without shoes or stockings.”

“You shall have mine,” said Carl, sitting down, and pulling off his shoes and stockings.

“And from having no hat on,” continued the beggar, “the sun has made my eyes quite weak.”

“I see,” answered Carl, “and my eyes will very soon be weak if I give you my hat, but I will, nevertheless; so here it is, and good-by,” said Carl, as he put his hat on the beggar’s head and ran on himself without one.

“Now I must really keep my eye on these pigs,” said Carl, “for here we are at the mouth of the enchanted cave, and the Cobbolds will be stealing them away from me, if I don’t keep a sharp lookout.”

“Carl! O Carl!” said a voice from the ground.

“Where are you?” asked Carl.

“Here, under this stone, under the—”

“Speak a little louder, will you?” said Carl. “I can’t hear what you say, and I don’t like to turn my head round, for I must look at my pigs.”

“Here I am, then,” said the voice, “almost crushed beneath the stone just under your right foot; will you not stoop down and lift up the stone and save me?”

“Can’t you wait just till I have passed the cavern, and then I’ll come back to you?” said Carl, still looking at his pigs.

“And in the meantime I shall be crushed to death,” answered the worm.

“Good-by my pigs, then,” shouted Carl, as he stooped down and lifted the stone from the back of the half-dead worm.

“I thank you, Carl,” said the worm, feebly; “now go and look after your pigs.”

“But they are all gone,” said Carl, and so they were.

“And once gone in there, it’s not a bit likely

they'll ever come out again," said Carl ; " but I'll go to the town at any rate, and see whether the king is come."

IV

“What do you want here, Carl ?” asked the porter at the gate of the city.

“I came to sell my pigs,” answered Carl.

“Where are they ?” said the porter.

“I've lost them all,” answered Carl.

“Then come with me to the market-place,” said the porter ; and he led Carl to the market-place, where the throne was standing empty—the crown before it on the crimson cushion, and the people waiting all round ; but in front of the throne stood the old man who had spoken to Carl in the morning, and beside him Carl saw the donkey, the rabbit, the beggar, and the worm, and a whole army of soldiers, who had been Carl's pigs.

“Carl,” said the old man, “where have you been to-day ?”

“Through the wood,” answered Carl.

“What have you been doing there?”

“Indeed, I hardly know,” answered Carl.

“Carl helped me with my load of wood,” said the donkey.

“Carl fed me with his own dinner,” said the rabbit.

“Carl gave me his cap and shoes,” said the beggar.

“Carl saved me from being crushed to death,” said the worm.

“Citizens,” said the old man, “what do you think of Carl?”

Then all the people shouted, “Carl is the king! Carl is the king!”

“And I never knew it,” said Carl to the old man.

STEVENSON'S LETTER

Some years ago a little girl discovered that her birthday, occurring on Christmas Day, received no special attention from her friends. Upon expressing regret over this fact she received word from a friend that he would give her his birthday, which occurred in November, the thirteenth day. This friend was Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote the book so greatly loved by young and old, — “The Child’s Garden of Verses.” Stevenson deeded to the little girl, in the form of a will, his birthday, asking in return that she add part of his name to her own. At the time, he was living on an island in the Pacific Ocean. He sent the deed to her, but it was many months before he received a reply. Her letter was evidently very pleasing to him. This is what he wrote : —

VAILIMA, SAMOA, November, 1891.

“ My dear Louisa, — Your picture of the church, the photograph of yourself and your sister, and your very witty and pleasing letter came all in a bundle and made me feel I had my money’s worth for that birthday. I am now, I must be, one of your nearest relatives ; exactly what we are to each other I do not know. I doubt if the case has ever happened before — your papa ought to know, and I don’t believe he does ; but I think I ought to call you in the meanwhile, and until we get the advice of counsel learned in the law, my name-daughter.

Well, I was extremely pleased to see by the church that my name-daughter could draw ; by the letter, that she was no fool ; and by the photograph, that she was a pretty girl, which hurts nothing. See how virtues are rewarded ! My first idea of adopting you was entirely charitable ; and here I find that I am quite proud of it, and of you, and that I chose just the kind of

name-daughter I wanted. For I can draw, too, or rather I mean to say I could before I forgot how; and I am very far from being a fool myself, however much I may look it; and I am as beautiful as the day, or at least I once hoped that perhaps I might be going to be. And so I might. So that you see we are well met, and peers on these important points. I am very glad, also, that you are older than your sister; so should I have been, if I had had one. So that the number of points and virtues which you have inherited from your name-father is already quite surprising.

You are quite wrong as to the effect of the birthday on your age. From the moment the deed was registered, the thirteenth of November became your own and only birthday, and you ceased to have been born on Christmas Day. You are thus become a month and twelve days younger than you were, but will go on growing older for the future in the regular and human manner, from one 13th November to the next.

The effect on me is more doubtful ; I may, as you suggest, live forever ; I might, on the other hand, come to pieces, like the one-horse shay, at a moment's notice ; doubtless the step was risky, but I do not the least regret that which enables me to sign myself your revered and delighted name-father,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

JUST YOU AND I

If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry ;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and lighter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by,
A good time might get started ;
Then what a happy time 'twould be,
For you and me, for you and me.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A STORY OF HOLLAND

PHŒBE CARY

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
“ Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set.”

* * * * *

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;

And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: “He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn’t like my boy at all
To stay without my leave.”

But where was the child delaying?

On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.

He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.

“ Ah ! well for us,” said Peter,
“ That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long ! ”
“ You’re a wicked sea,” said Peter ;
“ I know why you fret and chafe ;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes ;
But our sluices keep you safe ! ”

But hark ! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound ;
And the child’s face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.

He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!

He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.

He hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.

* * * * *

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

“ He is dead ! ” she cries ; “ my darling ! ”

And the startled father hears,

And comes and looks the way she looks,

And fears the thing she fears :

Till a glad shout from the bearers

Thrills the stricken man and wife —

“ Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,

And God has saved his life ! ”

So, there in the morning sunshine

They knelt about the boy ;

And every head was bared and bent

In tearful, reverent joy.

’Tis many a year since then ; but still,

When the sea roars like a flood,

Their boys are taught what a boy can do

Who is brave and true and good.

For every man in that country

Takes his son by the hand,

And tells him of little Peter,

Whose courage saved the land.

* * * * *

THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

I

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers, all brothers, for they were the children of the same old tin spoon. Each man shouldered his gun, kept his eyes well to the front, and wore the smartest red and blue uniform imaginable. The first thing they heard in their new world, when the lid was taken off the box, was a little boy clapping his hands and crying, "Soldiers, soldiers!"

It was his birthday and they had just been given to him; so he lost no time in setting them up on the table. All the soldiers were exactly alike, with one exception, and he differed from the rest in having only one leg. For he was made last, and there was not quite enough tin

left to finish him. However, he stood just as well on one leg as the others on two, in fact he is the very one who is to become famous.

On the table where they were being set up, were many other toys; but the chief thing which caught the eye was a delightful paper castle. You could see through the tiny windows, right into the rooms. Outside, there were some little trees surrounding a small mirror, representing a lake, whose surface reflected the waxen swans which were swimming about on it.

It was altogether charming, but the prettiest thing of all was a little maiden standing at the open door of the castle. She, too, was cut out of paper, but she wore a dress of the lightest gauze, with a dainty little blue ribbon over her shoulders, by way of a scarf, set off by a brilliant spangle, as big as her whole face. The little maid was stretching out both arms, for she was a dancer, and in the dance, one of her legs was raised so high into the air that the tin soldier

could see absolutely nothing of it, and supposed that she, like himself, had but one leg.

“That would be the very wife for me!” he thought; “but she is much too grand; she lives in a palace, while I only have a box, and then there are five and twenty of us to share it. No, that would be no place for me! but I must try to make her acquaintance!”

Then he lay down full length behind a snuff box, which stood on the table. From that point he could have a good look at the little lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

Late in the evening the other soldiers were put into their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Now was the time for the toys to play; they amused themselves with paying visits, fighting battles, and giving balls. The tin soldiers rustled about in their box, for they wanted to join the games, but they could not get the lid off. The nut-crackers turned somersaults,

and the pencil scribbled nonsense on the slate.

There was such a noise that the canary woke up and joined in, but his remarks were in verse. The only two who did not move were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She stood stiff as ever on tiptoe, with her arms spread out: he was equally firm on his one leg, and he did not take his eyes off her for a moment.

Then the clock struck twelve, when pop! up flew the lid of the snuff-box, but there was no snuff in it, no! There was a little, black goblin, a sort of Jack-in-the-box.

“Tin soldier!” said the goblin, “have the goodness to keep your eyes to yourself.”

But the tin soldier feigned not to hear.

II

In the morning when the children got up they put the tin soldier on the window-frame, and

whether it was caused by the goblin or by a puff of wind, I do not know, but all at once the window burst open, and the soldier fell head foremost from the third story.

It was a terrific descent, and he landed at last, with his leg in the air, and rested on his cap, with his bayonet fixed between two paving stones. The maid-servant and the little boy ran down at once to look for him ; but although they almost trod on him, they could not see him. Had the soldier only called out, "Here I am," they would have found him, but he did not think it proper to shout when he was in uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a regular torrent. When it was over two street boys came along.

"Look out!" said one ; "there is a tin soldier! He shall go for a sail."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper and put the soldier into the middle of it, and he

sailed away down the gutter; both boys ran alongside, clapping their hands. The paper boat danced up and down, and now and then whirled round and round.

A shudder ran through the tin soldier, but he remained undaunted, and did not move a muscle, — only looked straight before him with his gun shouldered. All at once the boat drifted under a long wooden tunnel, and it became as dark as it was in his box.

“Where on earth am I going to now!” thought he. “Well, well, it is all the fault of that goblin! Oh, if only the little maiden were with me in the boat it might be twice as dark for all I should care!”

At this moment a big water rat, who lived in the tunnel, came up.

“Have you a pass?” asked the rat. “Hand up your pass!”

The tin soldier did not speak, but clung still tighter to his gun. The boat rushed on, the rat

close behind. Phew! how he gnashed his teeth and shouted to the bits of stick and straw.

“Stop him, stop him; he hasn’t paid his toll ! he hasn’t shown his pass ! ”

The current grew stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight before him at the end of the tunnel, but he heard a roaring sound, fit to strike terror to the bravest heart. Just imagine ! Where the tunnel ended the stream rushed straight into the big canal.

He was so near the end now that it was impossible to stop. The boat dashed out; the poor little tin soldier held himself as stiff as he could; no one could say of him that he even winced.

The boat swirled round three or four times, and filled with water to the edge; it must sink. The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper. The paper became limper and limper, and at last the water went over his head — then he thought of the

pretty little dancer, whom he was never to see again.

At last the paper gave way entirely and the soldier fell through—but at the same moment he was swallowed by a big fish.

Oh! how dark it was inside the fish; it was worse than being in the tunnel—and then it was so narrow! But the tin soldier was as dauntless as ever, and lay full length, shouldering his gun.

The fish rushed about and made the most frantic movements. At last he became quite quiet, and after a time a flash like lightning pierced it. The soldier was once more in the broad daylight, and some one called out loudly, “A tin soldier!”

The fish had been caught, taken to the market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the cook cut it open with a large knife. She took up the soldier by the waist with two fingers, and carried him into the parlor, where every one wanted to see the wonderful man who had

travelled about in the stomach of a fish ; but the tin soldier was not at all proud.

They set him up on the table, and, wonder of wonders ! he found himself in the very same room that he had been in before. He saw the very same children, and the toys were still standing on the table, as well as the beautiful castle and the pretty little dancer. She still stood on one leg, and held the other up in the air. You see she also was unbending. The soldier was so much moved that he was ready to shed tears of tin, but that would not have been fitting. He looked at her, and she looked at him, but they said never a word.

At this moment one of the little boys took up the tin soldier and, without rhyme or reason, threw him into the fire. No doubt the little goblin in the snuff box was to blame for that. The tin soldier stood there, lighted up by the flame, and in the most horrible heat ; but whether it was the heat of the real fire, or the warmth of

his feelings, he did not know. He had lost all of his gay color; it might have been from his perilous journey, or it might have been from grief, who can tell?

He looked at the little maiden, and she looked at him; and he felt that he was melting away, but he still managed to keep himself erect, shouldering his gun bravely.

A door suddenly opened, the draught caught the little dancer and she fluttered like a sylph, straight into the fire to the soldier, blazed up, and was gone.

By this time the soldier was reduced to a mere lump, and when the maid took away the ashes next morning she found him, in the shape of a small tin heart. All that was left of the dancer was her spangle, and that was burnt as black as a coal.



FAREWELL TO THE FARM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

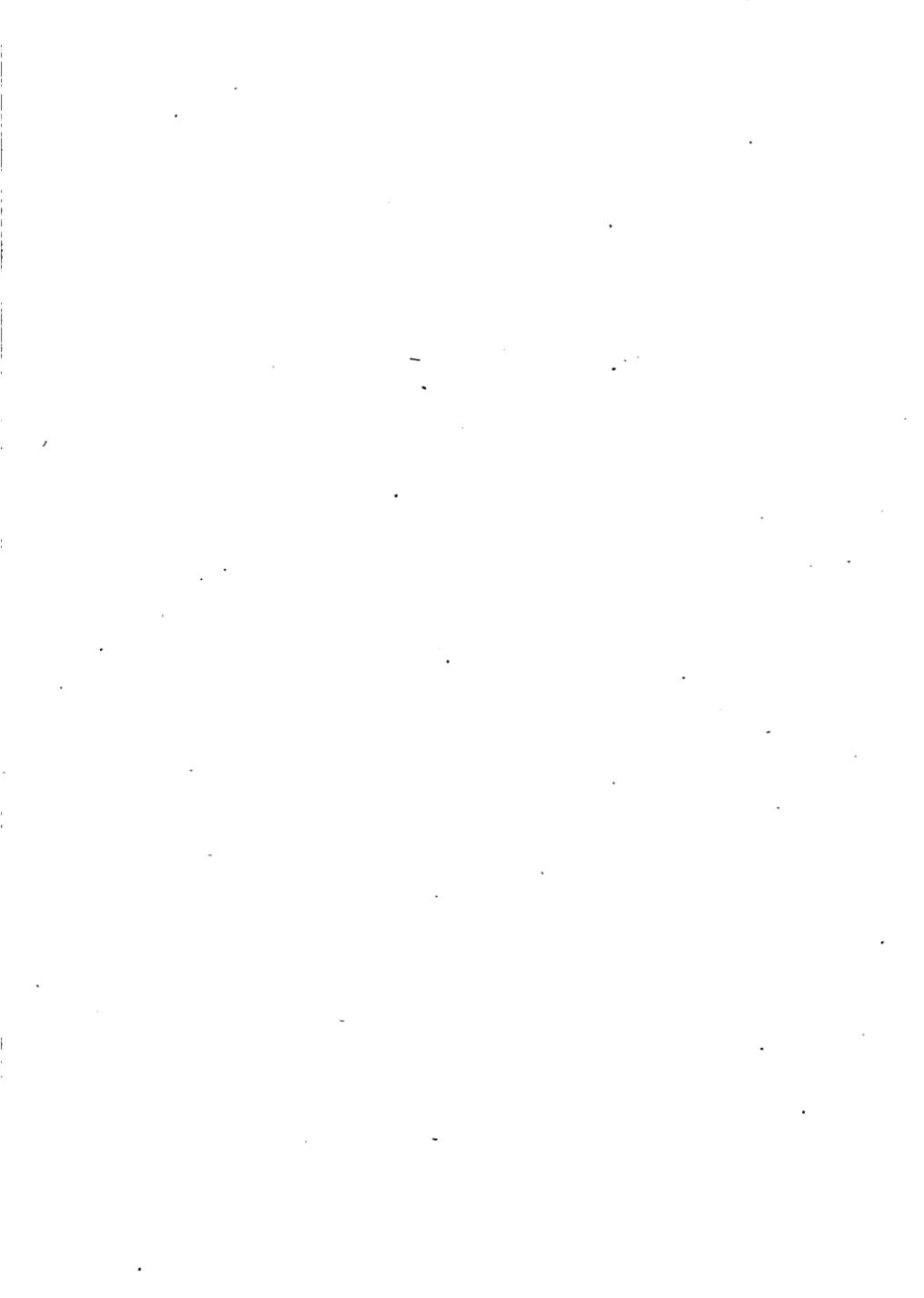
The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing :
Good-by, good-by, to everything !

To house and garden, field and lawn,
To meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-by, good-by, to everything !

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,

O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!





DUE MAR 20 1981

INDIANA EDITION
PRICE 25 CENTS